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No. 1.

ISHAM'S WIFE.

IN the fine old gubernatorial mansion that gave dignity and beauty to a street which, but for its presence, would have been beyond the verge of the fashionable world, lived the Isham family.

The ancient house had been in the possession of the first governor of the State, a man of mind and will, who dignified his station quite as much as it honored him; a man of intellectual cultivation, pure purpose, and sterling courage, whom the office had sought and compelled and entreated to occupancy, on account of his unrivalled qualifications for filling it to its utmost capacity.

Some time after his death — he died in office — the governor's house was offered for sale; his widow choosing to remove into more retirement than could readily be commanded in the place where such royal hospitalities as marked her husband's time had been dispensed, and Mr. Isham, a man of great fortune, became the purchaser. His grand-son was now in possession of this mansion, and was the father of half-a-dozen children. His eldest daughters, Lucretia and Ada, were already in society. George, the oldest son, had finished his collegiate course, and gone abroad. Everett was still under governors and tutors, and there were two young daughters yet in the nursery.

The family presented the appearance usually presented where children have been carefully trained for a high station, which is their birth-right. They came of a tranquil race, and an even prospect was before them; no mountain-climbing, no depth-descending for them; no turbulences arising from unmanageable propensities, either for good or evil, might be traced to their door.

George Isham was an unexceptionable youth, whose person, prospects, and attainments gave him unmitigated satisfaction. His character had no marked traits to distinguish him. He had no exuberant animal life, and his taste led him to shun convivial sports and company. He was faultlessly correct in conduct. His temper was as smooth as his long black hair; his character as reproachless as his dress; he would have endured a suspicion of the one with as much equanimity as of the other, and for an equally elevated reason. He went abroad unpossessed of the spirit of enterprise, and would return, if ever he returned,

without enthusiasm. 'A love of a man was he;' a great many young ladies, who walked in the public places in their newest 'love of a bonnet,' rendered this favorable judgment; but Tom, the tinker's son, soiled and grim, who brushed his carrotty locks, pulled down his shirt-sleeves, and made himself decent to chat an hour with the house-maid in the basement over the way, was a prince compared with him. His position and his life were nobler, for his occupancy of them made them so.

There was no material difference between Lucretia and Ada Isham and their brother; but they made more of a sensation in the world, because their training, essentially the same as his, had, though essentially the same result, a different manifestation.

They were women, and we are content — are we not? — that women should fulfil their destiny, as these young girls had been prepared to do, in adding to the glitter of our rooms on state occasions and other, and smile upon us when we ask them, as lonely Adam in his heart asked of the LORD GOD in the garden a help-mate. Are we not content? — then why have we preferred to make wooden troughs to feed from, when it was expected of us that we should fashion costly golden vessels for the altar and the temple of love?

They were tall and handsome ladies. Lucretia had more kindly and considerate ways than her sister, and was more likely to win friends and favor, but there was a pride in her heart which would make of her a quite different being from that of which her young maidenhood was beautifully prophetic, if it were once allowed full sweep. Ada laughed at the ways of the world and surrendered to them, ridiculed society and sought its admiration, satirized her acquaintances but compelled them to troop in her train, and would have died of *ennui* had the world been a whit less wicked and less foolish than it was. These girls were not vulgar and grossly calculating members of society, but they knew how to deliberate in act with something less than the righteousness of true souls.

What their advantages were to them was indicated in their manner of receiving them. To Everett, their younger brother, these same privileges, meeting with a somewhat different reception, had a very different proving. His domestic relations, if the same in one respect, were in another more happy, more honorable than theirs. He had been subject to those evils which a renowned author well portrays as falling with peculiar force on the eldest and youngest members of a house. He had not grown over-bearing and presumptuous on the strength of his actual importance in the family, nor riotous and unmanageable in disposition and in will from the excessive indulgence of tenderness, which is so frequently the lamentable fate of the youngest born of the family. He had been left to himself more than the others; in his case it was a salutary neglect, if neglect it could be called. He was sent to school, clothed and fed as became his station, remembered on the holidays, but for the rest allowed to follow the bent of his own inclinations, inasmuch as they interfered in no respect with the comfort of the house, and required no control.

He was of a studious turn of mind, and mature beyond his years; he

was a young fellow of promise, not of brilliant but reliable capacities and powers; he never astonished his class or his companions, but the unweariedness of his application, the quickness of his perception, the depth of his insight gave a good promise which the future was almost certain to redeem. His capacities admitted of a large degree of culture, and his taste implied a necessity of cultivation; he was equal to a sterling pride, but incapable of vanity; and in this was like and unlike his sister Lucretia. He saw the world through the same medium with Ada, but he could not laugh at and scorn it as she did; for he had a wider vision, saw farther into the depths, and knew that tears rather than railing were the world's due. There was in him the sterling merit of a fixed and independent purpose of doing for himself the best he might.

By the force and purity of his character, he was attracted irresistibly toward the worthiest men and women of those among whom he was thrown. He had a rare faculty, young though he was, for discerning their positive points. Mendacity met with no mercy at his hands when it put itself upon him for a treatment, and would not be avoided. He had the most austere, and yet, I think, not rare perception of justice; men err too frequently in the weakness of their commiseration for those with whom they have to deal. I say this in the face of all the carping criticism uttered with intent to kill, reckless denunciation, ignorant and evil-minded judgments men pass on one another. Hasty and violent denunciation is one thing, deliberate and earnest disapproval is another. God tempers his justice with mercy; and man abrogates himself when he refuses a like merciful and strict administration. The loving justice of the HEAVENLY FATHER, though it be tempered, is never temporizing. His strict conduct and exposition of His own unapproachable and indefeasible rights is what brings into light and establishes the virtue of His creation. He chargeth His angels with folly, *but endureth them evermore about His Throne!* I trust the reader will perceive a reason for this digression, and so pardon it.

Everett Isham had a virtuous perception of justice; for with a pure heart and clean hands, not ignorantly, not vaguely, he sought to learn her ways; he never stooped to temporize with her adversaries, nor made an effort to persuade or reclaim them, for his time had not yet come. He could not yet speak as one having authority. He was yet but a beholder of the splendors of the camp, and had not sought a commission to fight the battles of his race.

If thou knowest such a youth, treat him with reverence, nor attempt to laugh down his convictions; that thou canst no more do than could the scoffing people allay the flood that drowned the world; for his convictions are as real and prophetic as the Being and Providence of God. For thine own sake, not for his—his victory is sure—greet him with gladness and encouragement; the world has vital need of such, and cries aloud for them. The chivalrous of virtue demand the heartiest, most solemn benison thou canst give; defraud them of it, all the loss is thine own.

This was Everett Isham's character. His justice and his virtue formed its underlying and impregnable basis. The character did not

stand out formidable in its proportions, as might be supposed. The severity of judgment, the undeceivable clear-sightedness, the lofty scorn of the cringing and temporizing spirit that distinguished his time, much of this appeared in the daily man.

Not from design, not from any hidden motive, did he veil himself from others. The easy grace and dignity of his intercourse with those around him was the natural garb of the man. His sense of superiority was as innocent of vanity as Job's assertion of integrity was free of presumption. His righteous judgment, not haughty depreciation, never showed itself in rude utterances and actions; his refinement of spirit and association was too real for that. Such manifestation would not have been according to his natural method of expression. He might have grown into that misfortune under certain methods of treatment, if the cruelty of wilful misapprehension, or wilful neglect, or rough thwarting, instead of kindly training, had found any thing to do with his management. The method of his education had probably been the very best for him, and he approached his manhood firm in the acceptance of his responsibilities, gazing upon the various forms in which they had found demonstration, with the brave intent of a thoroughly furnished being.

His sisters, yet unmarried, were on the verge of matrimony when he had arrived at an age that, in accordance with his mental habits, required of him a seeking in every phenomenon the cause of its special expression. It was inevitable that he should turn his thoughts with some scrutiny to the form of this new relation, whose occupancy they anticipated, and to their provision for entering into it.

Before she put on long skirts and dressed for company, Ada had been his play-fellow; but since that time they had seen as little of each other as was possible for them, living under the same roof. The avoidance was not of course a deliberate one; but a woman entering on the full tide of fashionable life, having once submitted to the current, finds herself borne irresistibly along with it. She may strike out for life against this current, and breast the waves, and reach the shore, and return like the prodigal, but such a course requires the vigorous exercise of a spirit that is rarely found in operation among women who have been educated from their birth to float gracefully along the tide; the home-sickness does not often demand an escape so fraught with danger as that: it is commonly allowed to run its course, and has no breaking; and the manifold inevitable misgivings as to what the end shall be, are lived down, are, for a time at least, got rid of. All this is true enough to make a parent shudder who is looking forward to the 'success' of young daughters in the world.

Everett was of course admitted into none of the fine lady councils of the house; if it occurred to any of them in a moment of vexation which demanded a decision to look to his clear and cool judgment for an opinion, it was to Ada; and there was always something lying remotely among her convictions, of which she obtained some dim perception, that kept her from the confidence when she came in sight of his quiet, thoughtful face, and magnified, in the contrast with his youth, the severity of his expression. In these matters therefore he

was a cipher in the house. The young men who visited there never thought the boy's friendship or favor any thing important, worth the trouble of drawing him from his retirement, and so he was left alone to observe and reflect, and this with all diligence he continued to do.

Louise Raymond was a cousin of the Ishams. They always called her cousin, but the relationship was in reality more distant. She was of the same age as Ada, one-and-twenty, but in person and spirit she was four or five years younger.

As she was poor, and had no particular claim on her relations, Louise taught music in a school through the week, and on Saturdays usually went to visit at her uncle's house. They were unceremonious visits—made sometimes in the nursery, or in the garden with the children, who loved her, or reading in the library, or chatting with her uncle or aunt, or Everett, wherever they might be, but rarely sitting up in state in the drawing-room.

They all liked her, she had such freshness of enjoyment in every thing that was agreeable, was so unassuming, unpretentious, which characteristics, to assuming and pretentious people, have an especial charm. Even Lucretia and Ada liked Louise, and never found her in the way, because her self-respect served her like an instinct, and taught her to keep out of it. She was not a politic but a wise woman, and I fancy she went to her uncle's house to visit on these Saturdays with something of the feeling with which an intelligent body goes to a menagerie and pays the keeper for his exhibition, and gets what good he can from the show, confident of his safety in the tacit understanding that the owner of the caravan shall keep his wild animals safe locked within their cages.

Louise had an uncommon musical talent, and without much culture or critical exactness had attained to a very certain position of her own as a teacher, which she held securely. She loved music, though she made no pretensions as professor; but she could sing ballads to perfection. Sometimes, but rarely, she had been persuaded to appear at some of her cousins' gay parties, and on such occasions she had sung to please the company; but never those songs which haunt the ear of Everett when he brings the guitar from the drawing-room to the library, and his younger sisters make with him the little audience. She would as soon think of sitting down in the market-place to tell the sacred secrets of her heart, the loves and griefs, to whatever idler strolling by should chance to pause and gape at her, as sing those songs she loves to an indiscriminate throng. For this sweet gift of hers she has been sought sometimes outside the circle of relationship. A guest of the Ishams' might surely find admittance anywhere. Once or twice she has been persuaded, to her own subsequent regret, to accept these invitations, but vulgar people know so ill how to manage such things that they have disgusted her; and so when she goes into society at all, it is among unostentatious people, who do not distinguish between her and her gifts.

Louise has a lover, to whom she is nearly betrothed. It is this fact probably that has tended somewhat to unequalize her temperament, and induce the more than ordinary thoughtfulness and anxiety with which

she has of late contemplated the future. If she were not an orphan, and under the necessity of doing something for her own maintenance, she would not now be thinking of the offer of the wealthy widower, an offer which she has contrived to avert and delay whenever she has felt it immediately impending. She does not investigate the reason of this shrinking from him, while at the same time that she hinders herself from so doing, she looks upon him as the unfold of her future destiny. She dare not. They have congratulated her on her prospect at the mansion, not Everett, but his sisters, and her aunt and uncle Isham. Strange as it may seem, slight as is the value attached to his judgment by the rest of the family, if Everett would but join with them in these gratulations, she would feel a lighter heart and greater confidence about it; and because she knew that he would not speak in the same strain with them, she had sought and succeeded in avoidance of his comments on the subject. The reason of this he did not discover, but he felt the fact, and it imposed silence upon him for a time; but after he had learned that his sisters' engagements were fixed facts, and had perplexed himself with endeavoring to discern the facts, and had silently passed a really true but most severe judgment on their proceedings, he began to suspect himself of indulging a belief in a power he did not actually possess, a discernment of things quite beyond his ken, and he turned hopefully for relief of his perplexity to Louise, bethought him of the state of her affairs; remembering, that according to report, she also was betrothed, and that she appeared to be in no such disturbed, excited state of being as his sisters, he waited impatiently till she should come up to spend another Saturday at the house, determined that she should help him to the opinion and feeling which he ought to have in regard to the developing family affairs.

When Louise came, it happened that his sisters had gone out for the day, and there was no one in the house to receive her but himself, nor even he; for though he saw her as she came up the street, and heard her as she entered the gate and pulled the door-bell, though he knew there was no one there but servants to welcome her, he kept his place. The only thing for which he cared to see her just now was to question her on this point, that had absorbed his contemplations during the past week; and now that the time had come when he might question, in the certainty of frank replies, he was loth to go and use the opportunity. It was not a pleasant thought to him that he might hear from a woman's lips or read in a woman's eyes a confirmation of the truths he guessed at, or suspected; for as yet, wanting as he was in confidence in the imaginings of his heart, he had not arrived at the entire and beautiful truth that would free him from all fear.

Nevertheless, in the course of the half-hour succeeding her arrival, he went out from his room and entered the library, and rested his course on the event. If Louise should come into the library that afternoon, he would question her as he had designed. She came.

Very little really idle talk ever passed between them: when they were together, there was a directness in their mode of speech that spoke well for their sincerity and earnestness. When Louise came into the room, he arose and approached her, taking from the reading-table a

bouquet of flowers he had gathered in anticipation of her arrival ; and his admiration shone from his eyes as he looked at her, she received the gift with so much grace.

'Louise,' he said presently, throwing himself into a chair opposite that which she had taken, 'Louise, I can understand some things better when you have expressed your opinion about them. What do you think of these marriages we are going to have in the house ?'

Louise was taken aback by the suddenness and strangeness of the question, and she was slow to answer — not that she was without the requisite confidence in Everett to express with freedom her opinion on whatever subject he proposed, but because she felt what she did at length express. 'I do not think it right to discuss the subject, cousin ; it is none of our business.'

'We won't quarrel about that ; but do you think Lucretia and Ada well matched, either of them, Louise ?'

'They have not asked my opinion. It makes no difference what I think. I'm not a fit judge, in the first place, nor a competent one.'

'You say so. I don't agree with you. I would like to have an honest woman's opinion. You will not speak ; then I will. Now note if I make a mistake in any of my conclusions.'

'Do not, Everett,' said Louise hastily, as if in alarm. 'I don't like this sort of thing ; it looks like treachery.'

'Treachery : why, no ; I don't think so. I have had no confidence reposed in me. I only speak of what has been announced to all the world. All the world will judge of it, or has a right to do so ; for the thing speaks for itself. What I want to do is just to look at the facts, and forget my own position in regard to them ; and I want you to help me. Call the girls by any other names than Lucretia and Ada, if that is what you do n't like about it. Just think of a handsome and proud woman who has no occasion to be married, except for the sake of her heart, to get it back again if she happens to lose it, just in the way that all folks who find their lives must first lose them, according to the Scriptures. Think of her contracting a relation for life which do n't call one of the noblest affections into operation ! This lady has lived on flattery so long, and this man flatters her so egregiously and so acceptably, the just conclusion seems to be that it's about as substantial food as she can endure ; but that's not so. Look at her, and you'll see it is not. Why should she marry an obsequious politician ? If his temporizing, not that any good may come either, but his own aggrandizement, has made him notorious among the virtuous few, and famous among the unvirtuous many, and he carries this same spirit into the drawing-room, and talks in the same spirit, though in another vein, to a lady, is this sufficient to win a lady's heart ? She has some natural high-mindedness, but do n't believe it's that light, hid under a bushel, that he appreciates. He is a showy man of great pretensions, but I assure you nothing more.'

'I think your judgment is severe,' said Louise quickly, after a pause that followed his words. When she spoke, it seemed as if she were recovering from some deep abstraction, as if while her ear had taken in his words, and she had pondered them in surprise, as he sharply defined,

skillfully, in a few lines, the characters of Lucretia and La Marque, she had been thinking of her own possibly impending betrothal.

'Wherein?' asked Everett quietly, averting his eyes from Louise, as if fearful of reading a secret he would not have her betray.

'We cannot expect to know what is passing in the hearts of others,' and Louise looked at Everett as if she were questioning whether or not he had this power.

'There is no reason why we should not know, when we have lived for years in view of such things. We ought to be competent to understand the tokens and questionings when we see them.'

'But we cannot judge for each other what will satisfy each other. Lucretia sees a different man in La Marque from what you see.'

'I know it, because she chooses to do so; but you don't accuse a woman like her of such stupidity as inability to see him for what he is, would argue. You will see, if you will wait, to what a towering height her pride will grow when the years come on that will give people occasion for pitying her, if she would only let them. . . But it won't be so with Ada.' The voice of the speaker seemed to indicate that he felt a certain relief in turning his thoughts to this younger of the sisters, yet it was with a deepening sadness of tone that he continued: 'She has a great flow of spirits, you know, and so has Alexander. Perhaps you think they're well matched on that account. That's your mistake. Ada is refined and elegant with all her worldliness. She would have been in any condition. He is a handsome fellow, but vulgar and common. What do you say to this? I think it wretched.'

'The sketching?' asked Louise.

'No, the fact.'

'Your colors are too deep; put on too thickly.'

'Do you think so? The living heart is blood-red.'

Then Louise, to be rid of the subject, would have laughed off his seriousness.

'It would be a city of maiden ladies, Everett, if you were allowed full sway.'

But his earnestness deepened.

'No, there should be such a dispensation of marriages as never was heard of before; but people should n't be united helter-skelter, as they are now. The heart should have something to do with the matter. You, Louise, are an honest girl; would you marry a man for the sake of being married?'

Louise hesitated, even for a moment seemed capable of receiving this from Everett as a home-thrust, and of growing indignant over it; but she was wiser, nobler than to do this. Before she answered, she had formed a momentous and an unchangeable resolution. Looking steadily upon him, she answered: 'No, Everett, I would not.'

The boy rose quickly from his chair when she replied; his cheek flushed, his movements betrayed his agitation; some intimation he seemed to have received of the greatness and weight of that moment, that reply.

'I was sure of it,' he said, with a not quite firm command of his voice; 'as sure as I am of myself. When you hear that I have a

wife, Louise, you may be sure that my heart knew what it was about when it asked her companionship and sympathy and aid. Do you think yet that I have judged harshly ?'

'No matter what I think, Everett. I credit your sincerity, and that's enough. Probably when I reflect upon it, your words won't seem so strange.'

'Precisely what I expected you to say. I ventured to hint some of my thoughts to Ada ; it was a sad failure, that experiment. She only called me a foolish boy ; but she was displeased, and she has n't forgiven me for it yet. She will ; but it makes me sad to think of that. It will be a long time yet, and we shall all be so much changed before it happens. I should not expect Lucretia to forgive me if I said such things to her ; they'd grow on her memory. She is imperious enough to be the wife of a man like Julius Cæsar ; if she could be tempered by a spirit as strong as her own, that was living to a higher purpose, she would be a regal woman. But she's only a dreadfully proud one.'

'I do n't understand how you've contrived to make so cool a study of your friends,' said Louise, troubled and astonished, and expressing her feeling well in look and voice.

'They held me off at such a distance, that when I took an observation, I could but behold,' he said.

'You're not the happier for it, Everett. Upon my word, I'd rather see less of the man and more of the boy in you. You are too young to be troubling yourself with such thoughts. You are too grave, not nearly so happy as you might be — as I am — and I'm five years older than you.'

'May-be not. I never thought of that.' Here Everett paused, and for a moment seemed lost in reflection ; then he said quickly, looking up with sincere confidence, and fixing his eyes on his five years' senior : 'The more prepared for happiness, perhaps, you will allow, if it ever comes to me in a larger and better form than it does now, as I suppose it will. More happiness and more vexation. I shall know how to avoid toads and vampires. O Louise ! the earth is covered with creeping things !'

Painfully earnest the conversation had become. Louise broke away from it at this point with a gay tone, indulging him, however, so far as to keep to the subject, since it seemed so much to interest him ; but the lugubrious aspect it had assumed was enlivened by the playful and coaxing voice saying :

'Everett, just tell me now what sort of a paragon you are thinking of for your own wife. You seem to have come to some certain opinions on the subject.'

The boy entered into her spirit, caught her tone, and replied quickly : 'My wife, Louise ; you shall have a full-length portrait. She shall be a strong, happy, holy girl ; her eyes shall be to me at least the 'sweetest eyes were ever seen,' as Camões' lady's were. She shall have beautiful hair, dark or light ; she shall be tall or short, plump or thin, as it suits her, but she must have a forehead and a mouth that can be trusted. Her head may fall short of universal knowledge, but her heart shall be warm and true, a temperate zone. I shall love her

more and more every year of my life ; for every year shall prove her worth more and more. I shall grow mighty just thinking of her, and she shall never stop growing. When she dies, I shall have nothing more to live for. Do you see her, Louise ?'

Softly he had spoken ; it was a man's voice, though low-speaking, albeit it proceeded from that young slight figure.

'Do you see her, Louise ?' he repeated.

'Yes, I see her, and, cousin Everett, you will be sure to find her,' she replied, scarcely less moved by the hearing of his words than he had been in their utterance.

'Yes, I am sure of that,' he said ; 'more certain than of any thing else, because it is what I shall need most ; what we need most, that we always find.'

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of one of the younger children, and presently her little mate came following after, and then Everett went for the guitar, and in the lessening light of the departing day the sisters and brother listened to, or joined in with Louise, in her songs.

But before dinner, Louise took the opportunity to return to her lodgings ; and as she was accustomed to come and go at her own pleasure, her disappearance excited no surprise, only some disappointment among the younger members of the family when they met at table.

Louise went home because she was not equal to a show of cheerfulness or gayety that night. The question which Everett had proposed to her, and to which she had responded truthfully, had to do with her life ; she had not merely responded to a question. In the courage of the moment, when Everett's criticism on others had led her to see her own affairs in a little clearer light than before, she had been strong to say that nothing could tempt her into a marriage of expediency ; and she had now to reflect on herself as on the verge of such a marriage ; for there was no possibility of her mistaking the nature of the rich widower's attentions.

When she had returned to her room in the school where she taught, she sat down to a deliberate survey of her position. It did not seem to her quite the same thing it was a few hours before. Modifying circumstances were taken into consideration. Her position did not seem to admit of quite the same rendering that her cousins' did. A marriage of convenience was not the same thing with her it was with them. She was lonely ; she felt the constant want of home relations. She was an orphan, and poor, but she could imagine a fairer fortune than that prospect of unquestioned respectability which the widower had it in his power to confer upon her. Had Everett helped her in any way to this discovery ? and how ?

While she sat thinking of these things, the moment was hasting when she should speculate no longer, but take up the old decision and reiterate it in another hearing than her cousin's.

The widower in question, who lived on his handsome place a short distance from the town, had come to spend the Sabbath among the churches, or with Louise, as it might chance ; for he brought his heart

in his hand to her. She was called down from her unlighted chamber to the common reception-room of the house to see him.

And, as they were alone there, and the house was still, the pupils being in their several rooms, and the faculty in their departments, and there was nothing to deter his explicit expression of the object of his visit, he explained to Louise, more fully than he had done before, the extent of his fortune, the domestic arrangements of his place, his own peculiarities of taste and disposition, and frankly came to the point, which all these statements indicated, by placing all he had and was at her disposal. The quietness with which Louise instantly declined the gift, led him to suppose, that from some unaccountable reason, she had misunderstood him; for he had flattered himself into a state of certainty with regard to her, and naturally enough had done so, and therefore he repeated himself, with some very urgent pleading and ill-concealed surprise, and still the same answer was returned.

Then he waxed angry, for his disappointment was great, and he reproached her with trifling, and said that all her conduct had led him to believe that she not only understood the nature of his attentions, but that the attentions, on account of their nature, were agreeable to her.

The cheek of Louise Raymond flushed and paled as she listened to the half-angry, half-entreating words of the widower. She seemed struggling with herself, and nerving herself with an effort to speak, and to speech she came at length :

'You are right,' she said, 'your reproaches are just. I did encourage you; it was my fault, and I will not add to it by denying it; if it is any comfort for you to see me humiliated, look at me. I owe it to you to say that I did understand your attentions. They were very kind in their nature, and delicate in their offering. I could not fail to understand your meaning. I have had a struggle with myself on your account. You shall know it; for I will not have you think me capable of the vanity or wickedness of trifling with you. I know you thought that I would make you a good wife, and I said to myself that I'd do so. My conduct has led you to suppose that such was my intention; I own it. I made way with the objections that arose in my mind on account of the disparity of ages, and the habits of our minds, and it is not these, but a higher objection that now deters me from closing the bargain with you. It would be nothing better than a bargain. I thought, when I thought about it at all, and your attentions compelled me to think, that I respected you so thoroughly, and I was alone and unprotected, and had no prospect but to labor. Would you have been willing to take me, knowing this? — that I was considering myself a marketable thing, Sir?'

Surprised beyond measure at the nature of this rapidly-spoken confession, and not yet knowing how to take it, because of its strangeness, the widower was slow to make reply, and Louise went on :

'Within the last few hours, I have had this kind of iniquity shown up to me by one who knew not how closely his words hit, and nothing can induce me now, since I have been compelled or enabled to see the facts as they are, to do myself or you the injury to enter into an engagement. I have said all I should; as much as I owe to you and to my-

self. Do not argue with me about it ; my mind cannot be changed ; and for the rest, I am a reproach to myself for having misled you : forgive me for it.'

There the young girl stood, noble in her truthfulness, before the widower, waiting his forgiveness. Her words had succeeded by this time in bringing him up to a level with herself, and he was equal to her, and to the demand of the moment. He was but an ordinary man, but the exigencies of this occasion made him for the time, according to all his subsequent contemplations on the subject, a rather extraordinary character ; for he said, after a manner of speech that had never escaped him before :

'I can understand you, I think. I can appreciate you, if this admiration, and respect, and love in my heart, which is something different from any thing I have ever felt toward any one before, say any thing in favor of my appreciation ; and in view of these things, and of all that has passed, I say again, but it is as if for the first time, I love you. All things that I have are as trifles compared with the thought of you. I shall be a better and wiser man, and a happy man, if you will take me. Indeed you have made me better and wiser, yes, and happier, already. In many ways I have felt your influence. Think of what I ask again. You asked me if I would be willing to take you in consideration of the confession you made. Do you think I would stop to reflect about it ? I entreat you be kind to me. All that you have said but enhances your worth a thousand-fold in my eyes.'

'I will be kind to you. There, Sir, I give you my hand on it ; I will be too kind to sin against you ; for some day you would see that it was a sin if I gave myself to you with this feeling I have about it.'

She gave him her hand ; the widower took it cordially, in silence.

After that, Louise went back to her room, and lighted her lamp, and tuned her guitar, and read a little, and wrote a little, and went to bed.

And the widower walked away to the public reading-room of the town, and looked over the evening paper, and went to his hotel, and made some calculations. He was a shrewd man of business, cool, calm, and ready to make the best of opportunity, but impetuous where his affections were concerned. He reflected and calculated much that night, and he had all Sunday for deliberation, and therefore must be said to have known quite certainly what he was about. His mind was made up, and he had nothing to perplex him but a little arrangement of detail, and on Monday, when he went to his lawyer's office, that perplexity was over, and without outward fuss or any inward sense of folly, he dictated his will whereby one-half his fortune was settled on Louise Raymond.

After this matter of her conscience was settled, with the strength which results always from the doing of a righteous deed, Louise went on in her humble way of life, and forgot that it had ever entered her heart to imagine that she might some day stand on an equality with her cousins in the matter of worldly fortunes. When such a notion of what she had done as they were capable of receiving, reached her aunt and uncle, and her elder cousins, they were unanimous in the sentence

passed against her oddity and short-sightedness, and wondered in their hearts what sort of a great match Louise could be anticipating, that she should refuse such a capital chance as this. But Everett, when he heard of it, said not a word; he did not quite clearly understand, but he approved in his heart of what she had done — never dreaming that he had helped her soul to the possession of its right.

Young Isham at length entered on the study of the law. There was no necessity of haste in the conduct of his studies, so that his progress was marked by his customary thoroughness and deliberation, and his investigations were conducted in a manner worthy of his broad habits of thought. There was no cramping and no stint allowed. He chose the law because he liked the science of the profession, and had patience to submit to its details. He gave himself diligently to acquirement of mastership in it.

More broadly and deeply his noble character developed with unfolding years. He travelled and saw the world; his mind had continual enrichment. There was no slighting, no wasting of advantages; the same polish of manner and surpassing grace of address that had marked his youth, which was the polish of nature, characterized his manhood; but there was no effeminacy betokened by it. His searching into the things of life was as earnest as ever — as deep and as unguessed of the most of his companions. He formed few friendships, and these, for the most part, were among men of high and severe culture; he took his place among them in the attitude of a student, but was honored in turn by them as a friend.

Meanwhile his sisters had grown old in married life. Neither of them had in any respect varied in the progress of their career, from that which he had indicated as their probable course. But the fulfillments of sad prophecies are not occasions of proud rejoicing in prophetic hearts. It was far otherwise with Isham. In the drawing-room of his lofty and magnificent elder sister, in her circle, exclusive to a point, he felt that there was something like the crying hunger of great poverty; and his eyes saw that the disappointment had fallen and the pride had culminated. In the more gay and brilliantly-filled rooms of Ada, he found that reckless dissipation, that ignorance and absence of all quiet home-life enjoyments, which he had foretold — the whirl of the maze of fashion in its place. He was not often found in either of these places, yet Mrs. La Marque and Mrs. Alexander were proud of him, even while they laughed at what they called his prudery and preaching.

After he had opened his office, and entered on the practice of his profession, he planted himself on that ground, and toiled as became him, and his reputation for learning, eloquence, and wisdom extended year by year. Men of power and discernment knew what Isham's place was, and they always found him faithful in holding it.

There were some great changes in the family shortly after he began to take his position among men. His father and mother both died, while George from abroad had preceded them in the time of his departure.

While Everett was abroad, during the life-time of his parents, Louise Raymond had come to live with the family, to superintend the educa-

tion of the younger sisters ; and on the death of Mrs. Isham, she, in a great measure, filled the mother's place. She was living with them still in that fine old gubernatorial mansion, which preserved the street it stood on within the limits of the habitable world.

Jessie and Clarissa were the names of the young daughters of the house. In person they seemed reproductions of their elder sisters, so close was the resemblance they bore to them. But they had been differently trained ; for from the day of Lucretia's and Ada's marriage, Everett had kept them in his thought continually, and had labored with and for them in ways they would probably never know, or fully appreciate. There was no danger that their lives would be lost. With wise foresight and diligence, Isham had foreseen the dangers to which they would be subjected, and he had provided against the possibility of such a mistake as had befallen his elder sisters ; their sentiments had been purified, their taste and feeling cultivated rightly ; they were prepared to enjoy life, and to estimate it at its worth. The family, in its varied aspects, was one well worth the contemplation of the philosopher and economist ; those two older sisters, with whom the world had had over-much to do, and the two younger, whom the strong hand and unflinching purpose of a loving heart had directed ; so much there run to waste and wholly lost, so much here preserved and brought out again in its undiminished value, to fulfil its best purpose.

Now, when it became needful for Isham to think seriously of the entrance of the girls into society, when the subject pressed upon him, and would admit of no farther delay, in justice to them, for he saw that they were looking forward to the world with longing, and that the delay was but calculated to heighten their estimate of the advantages and delights to be derived therefrom, he considered within himself and began to examine the question once before considered by him — waived now these many years, until it was nearly forgotten — *a wife* ; and as he mused, he recalled his old ideal admiration, and found that now in his ripened manhood, laden with work and growing fame, and the dignities of his position, as he had been, almost to entire forgetfulness of these things, that now in his manhood he was true to the estimate formed in his youth of what his wife should be.

Then he began to look about him for one that should answer to his call ; and she who first responded to his seeking was Clarissa, his youngest sister, so like, yet so unlike the gay and dashing Ada. Point by point he went over this character, which was clear as though ' written with a sun-beam ' to his eyes. There was a hesitancy and a falling short of perfect satisfaction when he had finished tracing the resemblance between her and the ideal woman. She was his sister, and he could think of improvements on this style of being which she beautifully represented — improvements which were not in the work of education, but of the original work of Nature — an intellect of wider reach and firmer grasp, and more mental vivacity. Well, whither now ?

He started when he saw the image which, without an effort, of its own spontaneous impulse, rose from the midst of shadows, and stood before him ; started to see the unanticipated face that answered to his

summons ; started almost in consternation and with incredulity when he recognized the lineaments of Louise !

What ! Louise Raymond, his cousin ! whom he had been in the habit of consulting with such an off-hand confidence and familiarity in the emergencies of his intellectual and spiritual life ? Louise, who had become so near, dear, needful as a friend, that he had never thought of her in any other light ! Louise, who had been so sincere in all her disagreements with him, so cordial in her agreements ! Louise, who was so unpretending in her womanly ways, who found so much to enjoy in the world, but was so careless of its recognitions ! Louise, who was fanciful as a poet, enthusiastic as an artist, warm-hearted and fresh-feeling as a generous, romantic school-girl, yet so wise, so self-forgetful in the conduct of her lofty life, and so exact in the management of her concerns ! Yes, Louise, Louise, whom the girls clung to as she had been a mother, whom they loved, honored, and obeyed. Take her away from the house — he is now contrasting the views — remove her, this swift-thinking, swift-moving, energetic, noiseless, thorough-going woman, this delightful mixture of gayety and thoughtfulness, what would be left in that great mansion ? His sisters and himself. The prospect was wanting in all warm coloring and life-likeness. Was it possible that one being could make itself so felt, so needful, that its departure would work such a change as he saw in all this house if she were gone ? He did not tarry long to question about that. The effect on his mind as he estimated the result of this subtraction, set him rather hurriedly to calculating the chances of success in that which he immediately resolved to attempt.

As if he had been blind all his life, he now thought of Louise in a sort of astonishment. How exactly she corresponded to his ideal ! His imaginary seemed indeed to have drawn all the best features for the portrayal which in late times had been somewhat obscured by the joyous life her presence helped him to live, seemed to have drawn them all from the glory and the beauty of the human. Fancy was dull when compared with fact. His ideal was a bungle ; Nature's real was perfection.

And directly, with the generous enthusiasm of a true lover, he began to impute to her all the good that was within him, all the honor he had won. Unconsciously she had inspired him ; he had only carried out her noble sentiment into appropriate action. He looked at the past, and recollected that he had been wont to pride himself on his early insight and wisdom at a time when, in the nature of things, it was impossible that he should have had any experience of life ; now he was swift to assure his mistaken self that it was the impression derived from her noble character that had led him to place his standard so high. Indebted to her for the formation of his character and the joy of his life, he thought upon Louise.

And now what room, what occasion had he for hope ? He began to consider what the bearing of Louise was toward him — Louise, who was full five years older than he — Louise, the unpretending woman, who had suddenly become so formidable, if she should oppose herself to him ; but he desisted from the effort of calculating chances ; the

task was not an easy one. With an effort of his vigorous will, he arose above doubt and fear, and swung his hope around the truth of her character and the generosity of her heart ; and feeling that success in his suit involved greater and farther-reaching consequences than any ever before intrusted to his pleading, with something of the lofty spirit of the Christian, who commits his most darling hopes to God, and goes without a fear onward in the prosecution of his valorous enterprises, content if the HIGHEST WILL be done, so went Everett Isham from his study, searching for Louise.

And when he found her walking in the garden, he said to her, as he might have said an hour ago, when this purpose of his life-time, of which he had become suddenly intelligently aware, was lying hidden in his heart :

‘ Louise, why is this September day the sweetest of the year ? ’

‘ It’s not to me, ’ she answered, looking around her on the evidences of the completed summer, and pointing with her foot to the leaves that were fallen upon the walk.

‘ Why not to you, Louise ? ’ asked Everett, looking not at her, but up to the branches of a tree which already was nearly bare of foliage.

‘ The promise of the spring is better, is n’t it ? I am young enough to think so yet. ’

‘ Young enough ! ’ He looked at her ; she was really somewhat advanced ! She met his look and smiled without the blushing of a young girl in her teens, and said :

‘ Yes, young enough ; you believe it, don’t you ? ’

‘ Any thing you say I believe. That is giving you a large liberty ; don’t abuse it when you have an opportunity. The idea, though, of your growing old ! You like all the stir and activity of spring ; but see the repose of a day like this. See what peace there is in it ! Just listen to those insects. ’

‘ They all say, ‘ It is finished, ’ I know, but it makes me sad to hear it. ’

‘ *It is finished* : yes, every thing says that ; the pain and struggle done ; and now the fruition, Louise. It seems to me we may draw an inference from this difference between us ; the relations which the seasons symbolize we may bear to each other. Does not this day say as much ? Think of me, Louise, as you never did before, for a moment. Do you find in me nothing that satisfies you ? — your heart, I mean ? Our task is in a great measure completed. The girls must go into society this winter ; we have something to think of now beside them ; we must have, for they will soon be beyond our responsibilities, though never beyond our love. They are the children of your loving care, as well as mine ; let them continue the children of our loving hearts. I would not have the guardianship suspended by you, and I am certain that while I live, it will not be by me. But, Louise, do not mistake me. Their need may have brought my heart to a knowledge of itself ; a little domestic perplexity may have hastened the exhibition of the whole thing ; but the fact is unaffected by the method of its discovery. I am not the man you would suspect of consulting expediency in this case. If you reject me, I shall never marry, and shall *chaperone* my

sisters as I best can. Whether you reject me or not, it is a proud thing for me to tell you my love. With my whole heart I love you: if there is any thing of this in your heart for me, it is not in you to trifle, Louise!

They were now standing, their slow steps having come to a full pause. He spoke her name at the conclusion of his declaration as it had been a call, and she responded to it — how? in turning from him and walking rapidly away.

And what did Isham do? He stood and watched her: spasmodically, certainly with no real intent to follow her, he started, and advanced a pace or two, and then stood still. As a statue, he stood motionless. He watched her as she went; he saw her going hurriedly down the walk, evidently not thinking whither, out-going her surprise or agitation, and which he could not tell; and he saw her when presently she paused, and turned, and looked at him, and began to retrace her steps, her face all glorious to his eyes with reflections of the workings of the soul within. Then he went to meet her; and, as you say, a complete life stood in the midst of the completed summer. c. c.

THE PRESS: FROM A POEM 'ON THE STOCKS.'

BY L. J. BATES

I.

How oft have scholars of the 'good old time,'
 When the Coliseum was in all its glory,
 Pored over many an antiquated rhyme,
 Legend of eld, romance, tradition hoary,
 Wasting long days deciphering the story
 From worn-out manuscript of worn-out lays,
 Till PLATO swore he 'would be shot' before he
 (Or the same thing in more exalted phrase)
 In scribbling like our school-boys, would consume his days.

II.

It was indeed a very difficult matter
 To write with sticks for pens, and reeds for paper,
 Which is the reason why a certain satire,
 Intended to extinguish HOMER's taper,
 And shroud great HORACE in oblivion's vapor,
 Like TUPPER's poems of more modern years,
 Was never put *intelligibly* in shape, nor
 A charming ode on CLEOPATRA's ears,
 Of which three lines were really written, it appears.

III.

Beside, when written, there was but one copy
 Even of the labors of the 'bards sublime ;'
 (If 't were so now, where were LONGFELLOW's hobby?
 Or BOURNE's ungainly length of prosy rhyme?)
 And there were kept, an index of the time
 To after ages and more reverent eyes,
 The proudest relics of earth's proudest clime,
 The quenchless lights that fired the Grecian skies,
 And dared the toil of fame and Genius' high emprise!

IV.

Who has not heard how our immortal GLIDDON,
 On opening his forty-seventh mummy,
 Found in its shroud a written packet hidden,
 Purporting to be from an ancient dummy,
 Which was translated by a learned rummy,
 Stating that MOSES, who ne'er wrote amiss,
 What time he proved that magic was all flummy,
 Had just produced the book of Genesis,
 A chapter every month, and few could equal this?

V.

But now, alas for this degenerate age!
 Of rail-roads, telegraphs, and lightning presses,
 When writing verses is the general rage,
 And prosiest authors sport the gaudiest dresses;
 When every daily boasts of new successes,
 And seedy editors can snub their betters;
 Frown down the drama, ruin half the lessees,
 Poke musty wit at diplomatic letters,
 And bind the public mind in their own narrow fetters.

VI.

Even country papers ape a stride HOMERIC,
 Laugh at the courts, and thrust their brazen faces,
 With impudence undoubtedly generic,
 Into the very highest, holiest places:
 Crack jokes at kings, foretell how long their race is,
 Judge for the public when the heir apparent
 Will make his *début*, from their consorts' paces;
 Denounce the spoils of office, seize a share in 't,
 Secure success and power, then wallow like a bear in 't.

VII.

'There is a tide in the affairs of' poets,
 Which happens just now to be 'at its flood,'
 And threatens, unless dyked, to soon o'erflow its
 Protective bounds, and drench the land with mud:
 For all past precedents that long have stood
 The very acme of poetic writers,
 Are under water, at the least a rood,
 And would be more so but for dull back-biters,
 Who stick to HOMER's yarns of old pugnacious fighters.

VIII.

No wonder FAUST was deemed a man of evil,
 If sages in his day could read the future;
 His art has lately raised the very devil,
 Parisian lore delivered to the torture;
 And now each printer in his time must nurture
 At least a dozen, and perhaps a score,
 Till even females, dead to ancient virtue,
 Have seized some places, clamoring for more,
 But we'll allow that lady devils are not such a bore.

IX.

But 'mid this evil, there is much of good,
 A motley group, 't is true, for one to look on,
 The press has made religion 'clear as mud,'
 Without a doubt for infidels to hook on,
 And pounced dark Superstition's ugliest spook on,
 As cats do sometimes on a truant spider;
 While the 'last legs' that despotism shook on,
 Have hardly dared to take a single stride, or
 Kick at the meanest democrat who ventures to deride her.

X.

Still this encouragement to authors is
 A tax our patience cannot bear much longer:
 Witness SMITH's latest, which is partly his,
 And is of moon-light, star-light, and old ocean, wronger,
 And partly stolen, which is vastly stronger:
 Then think of more than fifty other new ones,
 And wonder if the world has run to song, or
 The press has been surrendered to the blue ones,
 Who can't decide, amid so many, which are true ones.

XI.

But lest I tire your patience in beginning,
 I only meant to mention how much better,
 How free of public and of private sinning
 The world has grown, since, like a golden fetter,
 Printing has linked the spirit to the *letter*
 Of Virtue's law, and urged the way to Heaven,
 (Though these slight drawbacks certainly beset her,)
 With such success, the earth to evil given,
 From stormy morn descends to clear and starry even.

XII.

So, when the labors of the week are done,
 Eve of the day of sweet and holy rest,
 The cheerful circle gathers, one by one,
 Happy and free, caressing and caressed;
 For all these joys our fathers ne'er possessed,
 Solemn and sweet thanksgiving songs arise,
 Then when the Soul, with gratitude impressed,
 Looks up to God with veiled and reverent eyes,
 Thank HIM the Press is yours, *the best gift of the skies!*

H A R F A N G O N B I R D S .

We love birds. When the first soft days of spring come on in all their gentle sweetness, and woo us with their warmth, and soothe us with their smile, then come the birds. With us do they rejoice that Winter's reign (and snow) is ended. No one of the seasons that come 'to rule the varied year,' abdicates his throne more to his subjects' joy than Winter. While he rules, we lose all respect for the mercury in our thermometer. When we remember how high it stood in our estimation, only a few short months ago, we did not think that it could get so low. We resolve to have nothing more to do with it; for 'there is a point, beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue,' and we conceive that point to be thirty-two degrees above zero, at the very least.

And yet, perhaps, we look upon this season of the year too coldly. It has its joys. The cold without drives us to seek within the pleasant fire-side, social pipe, and jovial friend. And then the snow, so beautiful!—falling down so soft, and with soft down covering the face of earth. There is no more pleasant way of killing time than sleighing. Then, too, the perfect luxury in winter of lying late in bed. To be sure, Thomson indignantly exclaims, (and it is said he wrote this very line in bed):

'Falsely luxurious, will not man awake!'

Why, of course he will! But if he is a sensible man, he will lie awake awhile, and think the matter over, ere he rises. It is pleasant to lie and imagine how cold you will be when you do get up, and know how warm you are just now. There is much of pleasure also in lying looking at the wondrous pictures painted on the windows. There are clouds and castles, trees and towers, forms and features, most fanciful and beautiful. Formed from our breath, they seem our sleeping thoughts and dreams, breathed out and photographed. Certainly Jack Frost is a most pains-taking painter.

But surely enough, when spring and summer, with their greater joys, are come, then it will pay to rise right early. It will even do to take a long walk before breakfast. The air is pregnant with the perfect perfume of a thousand flowers, and leaves, and buds. And then, beside the pleasure of seeing jocund day go through that difficult gymnastic feat described by Shakespeare, of standing 'tip-toe on the misty mountain-tops,' we have a glorious morning concert, to which we have a season-ticket: for

'INNUMEROUS songsters in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves their modulations mix
Mellifluous.'

Such music! It seems the pure out-pourings of the greatest gratitude to Him who made the morn so beautiful, so full of joy and light. It is the expression of most perfect praise, in ecstasy of song. Yes, indeed: we love birds!

'Ah!' says Felix, 'so do I. Wood-cock broiled, on a toast, or deviled : snipe roasted, with a pork talma ; quail, or rail ; yes, we love them all.' And having propounded the original conundrum, 'When will dinner be ready?' he relapses once more to his book and meerschäum.

There is a deal of pleasure, as well as profit, and advantage with amusement, to be derived from studying the habits and the character of birds. Nor is the study burdensome. Of all the lower orders of creation, as they frequent most freely the haunts and homes of men, so they approach us nearest in intelligence. They have their labors and amusements, their conjugal relations, and like us, they build with taste and skill their houses : they have society, moreover, and the opera. In very many things they are our equals, and in some superiors : and what in other animals at best is only instinct, in birds is almost reason.

Among the first returning tourists from the South in spring, are those pleasant little people, the blue-bird, marten, and the wren. They appear to have particular confidence in man. Nor is their confidence misplaced ; for every body hails with joy these harbingers of spring. Their company is peculiarly agreeable, and they seem to know it ; for every year they come again to occupy the boxes, or perchance old hats, which were put up for them, and in them build their nests, and there they live rent-free : yet not exactly so, for they pay us with their notes. Sometimes these little people have a deal of difficulty among themselves about these habitations. The martens come, and find the blue-birds have taken all these places, and there is a fuss directly ; just as when the Browns go to Saratoga and find the Smiths have all the best rooms in the house ; or in town, the Smiths find the Browns occupying the choicest boxes at the opera. After some considerable scolding and twitting upon facts, the martens take possession of a certain portion of the pigeon-cote, and keep it too ; for not a pigeon dare go near them, while the smaller wrens content themselves with some spare corner of the portico, where they forthwith proceed to build their houses, with all the architectural skill derived from their great name-sake, the builder of St. Paul's. There is a spice of waggish devilry about the wren, somewhat amusing. Often when the blue-bird has left his house, and gone to market, or down-town, the wren peeps in, and finding no one there, proceeds to amuse himself by pulling out the straws and feathers in the nest ; but should perchance the blue-bird come in sight, the wren remembers there is something very interesting going on around the corner of the barn, that demands his instant and immediate attention.

These birds — the blue-bird, marten, and the wren, together with the swallows, (barn and chimney,) and 'the honest robin,' who, as quaint old Walton has it, 'loves mankind, both alive and dead' — are half-domesticated. They love to live near man. The blue-bird and the robin are the only two among them who appear to have paid much attention to the cultivation of their vocal powers. They salute the morning with sweet songs. The wren and other small birds are in the garden, breakfasting on worms, or, as we sometimes express it, 'getting their grub.' The marten, meanwhile, listens to the concert, as a critic, or as one of the audience ; for he sits up in his private box, now and then uttering an approving note, as if of applause. Indeed the marten is

not very musical. Sometimes, in the bosom of his family, when he feels very social, he takes up his pipe, and then essays a song. But he never gets beyond the first few notes of 'Hi Betty Martin,' and then goes off on tip-toe.

But here we have a jolly little fellow, who makes up in sociability for what he lacks in song. The small house-sparrow, or, as he is generally known, the 'chippin'-bird,' comes to our very doors. He hops along the piazza, gathering 'crumbs of comfort' and of bread, and knows that not a soul within the house, not even that 'unfeeling school-boy,' would harm a feather of his tail. He keeps a careful eye, however, on the cat; for he is perfectly aware that she would consider him only a swallow, and he does not like to lose his identity. There is in history a single instance where this bird seems to have forgotten his character, and been a destroyer, rather than, as he is called by boys, a 'sparer.' Every juvenile of five years, who is at all read in the literature of his age, knows the tragic story of the death and burial of cock-robin. That interesting individual was found one morning lying on the ground, with a murderous weapon through his heart, as dead as Julius Cæsar. The horror-stricken birds assembled. A coroner's inquest was holden. The first inquiry was, of course, 'Who killed cock-robin?' There was a momentary silence, and then the sparrow, the last one in the crowd, perhaps, to be suspected, confessed the deed! He then proceeds to state how it was done, and owns he 'did it with his bow and arrow.' It is probably in imitation of the truthful candor of this noble little bird that, once upon a time, a child, afterward the father of his country, was induced to confess, with regard to a mutilated tree, that he 'did it with his little hatchet.'

'Felix! let us go and take a stroll. This is indeed a golden day, in which mere living is a perfect luxury. From the eagle perched upon the top-most cliff, nearest the sky, down to the smallest insect that floats upon the air, all the created world to-day rejoices in the sun. Oh! it is such days as these — so balmy, bright, and beautiful — that bring upon their wings strength to our weak and weary bodies, and to our souls sweet Hope!'

FELIX: 'Well, a — yes; I should think it was a good day to go a — a-fishing.'

By Apollo! Blessed is the man — and thrice blessed the woman — who never tries to be poetical. It is a dangerous experiment. Years ago, when we were but a small boy, we remember walking out one pleasant morning in the spring-time, in our school-boy suit of gray, and a fit of the blues. Returning to the paternal domicile, we put on a standing-collar, took a sheet of paper, and sticking a pen behind each ear, sat down and wrote some lines about the birds, and flowers, and spring, and so on. With modest hesitation, we sent them to the village newspaper. In an unguarded moment, the ill-fated editor of the '*Cockahoopia Gazette and Clarion Note of Freedom*,' published our lines as a — 'POEM!' The very next day, this unfortunate editor failed, ran away, and was never heard of, or from, again. From that time forward, we forswore the muse.

'Caw! caw! caw!' The watch-word and the signal of alarm or

caution among crows ; or else it is the 'dreadful note of preparation,' summoning the lawless legions from the depths of the pine-woods, from yonder hill, from the 'crowners' inquest, sitting on the body of a defunct steed, down by the river-side, from far-off forests, to come and help pull up a field of corn, just beginning to put forth its tender blades. 'All these and more come flocking,' for there's no one around : the scare-crow was blown down last night ; the gun is lent ; the boys have gone to school ; the farmer tumbled off the hay-mow yesterday and broke his leg : and so the crows proceed with the destruction :

——— 'unmoved
With dread of death to flight, or foul retreat.'

The crow and black-bird both are arrant scoundrels. The last indeed renders somewhat of service in the early part of spring ; for, following the furrows of the field, devouring countless worms and grubs, which would be most destructive to the coming crop of corn, all day long he gleans behind the plough, a perfect little Ruth. But when the corn comes, he devotes himself to its destruction with a perfect ruthlessness, and fills his own crop with the farmer's, in less than no time. Perchance, should any one appear upon the premises, he gets upon the fence and whistles very unconcernedly, just as if he had n't been doing any thing. As for that bean-pole, standing in the centre of the field, dressed in old clothes, and bearing some faint resemblance to a returned Californian, ha ! ha ! ha ! What fools men are to think that they can cheat the black-bird ! Why, there are five of them at this moment pulling corn for dear life, to see who shall get through his row the first, who were born, bred, and educated in the very hat of that identical old scare-crow. To be sure, when it was first set up, the birds eyed it with curiosity, perhaps mistrust, but it never entered into their heads that it was intended to resemble a man ; or if it did, it soon became a standing joke with them. And yet old Ginger, going home from the tavern one day, 'across lots,' stopped and asked the returned Californian if he knew 'what time o' da-da-day 't was !' Well, to tell the truth, the scare-crow was very well got up : in fact, while Ginger stood by, it was somewhat difficult to say which was which. They were two perfect Dromios.

Every farmer hates the crow, and, we must acknowledge, he is not a very lovely bird. He has neither beauty nor song ; for his eternal caw ! caw ! is a note renewed so often as to be at a decided discount. Nor has he civility of manners ; and his ideas concerning private property are extremely vague. Yet, of all the bird-tribe, he is by far the most intelligent. Nor is he an hypocrite. He robs our fields and he 'acknowledges the corn.' Ah ! he is a cunning rascal ! There he sits, on that old tree by the road-side, clothed in a sable suit, and as you go by, looks as demure, as interesting, and melancholy, as a minister with the bronchitis, about to sail for Europe. But should there be a gun in the bottom of the wagon, though it is covered carefully with a bundle of straw, a blanket over that, and a large fat boy sitting on top of all, he knows it is there, and, trusty sentinel, alarms the whole community of crows in the region round about, and away they wing, 'over the

hills and far away.' Caw! caw! caw! You did n't catch him that time. He is very well aware that you intend to kill him — if you can. He just wants to see you do it, that's all!

We had some fun with them one day. It is an old joke. A quantity of corn was soaked in spirit and scattered in the field. By-and-by, a dozen vagrant crows came down, and stationing a 'look-out,' they began to feed. By the time their crops were full, their heads were also, and they were literally 'corned.' Such a spree! They reeled about, ran into and fell over one another, and exhibited a series of ground and lofty tumblings beautiful to behold. In vain did one old crow, the patriarch of the flock, an hundred years of age at least, attempt to reason with the rest. He was the worst one of them all: and afterward the old reprobate tried to sing a bacchanalian song. At last, by some mysterious evolutions, they made out to get up in a tree, and there they sat, cawing and cursing at the corn. There was an after-piece; for the Shanghais happened down that way, and what corn the crows had left, they speedily appropriated. There was a time then! The boys rushed down to drive away the Shanghais, but they were bound not to go home till morning, any how. Altogether, what with the incoherent cawing over-head, the inebriated crowing on the ground, occasionally a tumble-down from off the tree, the crows trying to roost above, and the roosters trying to crow below, there was 'confusion worse confounded.' The next day, our best Shanghai — cock of the walk — died of *delirium tremens*; and his successor,³

—— 'full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.'

We have said that early rising is a good thing, although, we candidly confess, we think late rising is a great deal better: but it is a sermon which has been preached to youth from the time when Solomon so soundly berates the sluggard, and advises him to take pattern from some others, particularly his aunt, and 'be wise,' down to the present day. We think it is 'poor Richard' who perpetrates the rhyming proverb, in which there is more poetry than truth, yet not very much of either:

'EARLY to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.'

How many times we have heard old women utter this proverb as an oracle, we should not like to say. If it be true, it accounts most satisfactorily for the immense quantity of health, wealth, and wisdom disseminated among butchers, milk-men, and market-men, who are notoriously early risers, and who get up in the morning, as the Ethiopian poet so touchingly expresses it, 'before de broke ob day.' It is easy enough to rise with the sun, but we must get up very early indeed if we would rise with the birds.

For long before the sun sees fit to show his face, when the first faint glimmerings of dawn make repetition of response to that ALMIGHTY fiat that first called light into the world, while 'incense-breathing Morn' is putting on her clothes, while we are still sleeping such sleep as the truly virtuous only know, and snoring sonorously, sheet-music by

the quire, the birds have left their nests, have dipped their wings in the refreshing dew, have breakfasted, and now are waiting for the day. And soon the crayon, India-inky landscape turns to a warm and glowing, living painting, and then the birds in every wood and field, and

— ‘on the tops of trees,
Assemble all in choirs, and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.’

Their matin music ended, then begin the labors and amusements of the day. They have enough to do. Perchance they have their house to build, and fields, both far and near, are searched for straws and sticks, and they pick up, here a hair, and there a thread, to weave into the nest. Or else they have a family to cater for; or, if the young are fledged, they must be taught to fly, and learned to find their food: the vagrant boys, who rob bird’s-nests, are pointed out, and the old birds devote themselves to teach the young idea how to — avoid being shot. Then there are calls to make, gossip to interchange, rehearsals to attend, excursions to adjacent counties: and so time flies with birds.

And when the evening comes, they all return from their discursive flights, and seek their homes. Yes, homes! For they all have their ‘local habitation,’ and there are no beings more domestic or home-loving than the birds. Home from their wanderings come our blue-birds, wrens, and martens, and early in the evening every box is taken. The croaker crow, stuffed to repletion, flies to the forest, and, we prophécy, will before morning be obliged to call in the corn-doctor, or die of indigestion. The swallows come in countless crowds, a complete cloud, and after describing sundry circles, dive down in the chimney, a residence that seems to them most suitable. And here are more of them, who, if they neither sow nor reap, most certainly do ‘gather into barns,’ and in the most astounding quantities. The remainder of this tribe, for there are more of them, improbable as it may seem, live, an innumerable throng, up in that old church-tower that appears above the trees. There they dwell in safe security, shielded from the storm, and free from fear of man, or boy, or cat. Who ever saw a cat about a church? We have indeed heard of a church-mouse, and his extraordinary poverty; but a church-cat is unknown in our catechism. The bell alone, at times, disturbs the birds; the bell, now ringing solemnly on Sabbath days, summoning the people to the place of prayer, now tolling sad and sorrowfully for the dead, now making merry marriage-music, anon at midnight sounding out the terrible alarm of conflagration; and then the young alone tremble with fear, and nestle closer beneath the mother’s brooding wings. The old tower is a pleasant dwelling-place for birds. It is cool with shading trees, and all about the church is quiet, calm, and still. Truly there ‘the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young;’ for thus, ages ago, the poet-prophet painted a perfect picture of the peace, the rest, the sacred stillness, and the sweet serenity of the house of God.

‘Too-whit! too-whoo-hoo!’ Who? Why, that is our much-beloved tame owl, Doctor Samuel Johnson, most unmeritedly unnoticed: and now he is looking at us in a seriously solemn manner, yet ‘more in sor-

row than in anger.' To think that, in his very presence, we should write about a lot of confounded, cawing, carrion-crows, and paltry sparrows, and never mention him! Rest in peace on thy perch, O beloved Doctor! for we will yet write your biography.

T O 'K N I C K ,'

OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

THAT month i' which we're apt to see
 Auld Winter's dyin' struggles,
 Is wi' us now to play his round
 O' cantraps, tricks, an' juggles:
 An' I by the ingle cosie sit,
 Despite his fitfu' howlin',
 To scratch my thanks to you, 'auld KNICK,'
 Amang these lines o' rulin',
 This vera day.

A bardie I wi'outen sweets
 O' fickle public favor;
 I fear my rough rhyme jinklin' thanks
 May lack poetic flavor;
 But may I ask i' humble lay
 A pardon for my aillin' ?
 While I acknowledge bashfulness
 Has been my grievous failin'
 This monie a day.

You puffed a sang o' which my pen
 Was guilty o' the makin',
 An' my puir heart wi' gratitude
 Ga'ed flutterin' an' achin':
 But like a cuif I kept my tongue
 An' pen baith still thegither,
 An' when guid conscience bad me write,
 Said I, I'll write some ither
 Expected day.

An' still anither compliment
 To rhymes o' my invention,
 Was passed i' childish silence o'er,
 Wi'outen due attention;
 An' now at this late hour I come,
 Wi' my scant store o' meekness,
 To crave forgiveness at your han',
 An' shun the traps o' weakness
 Each future day.

There're flowers i' Poesy's mazy walks
 Distillin' precious ointment,
 As weel as thorns o' sharp regret,
 An' bitter disappointment:

An' he wha luckless meets a frown,
 His vera life distressin',
 Maun gird him up an' smile it down,
 An' think 't will a' be passin'
 Some ither day.

An' he wha gets a tithe o' praise
 Need na be muckle lifted,
 Nor boast himsel' wi' unco pride,
 Owre eloquent an' gifted:
 There lies a blessed middle road
 Atween extravagances,
 That guards a man frae Fortune's goad,
 An' peace-devourin' fancies,
 Maist every day.

That pride that lifts a man aboon
 Aristocratic classes,
 That gars him feel to wipe his shoon
 On tyrants, priests, an' asses,
 Is na' the feckless fletherin' show
 O' fools i' Fashion's feather;
 But right an' truth that haud him up,
 Through sorrow's bleakest weather,
 I' trouble's day.

To free the min' frae bigot's cant
 Is worth lang days o' strivin',
 An' be at length at common-sense
 An' honesty arrivin':
 A grovelin' warl' is harnessed down
 An' whipt by faction-mongers,
 Till monie a puir but noble soul
 For truth an' freedom hungers,
 Frae day to day.

An' poets wield i' monie a field
 The blades o' mental clamor,
 An' oft i' prate, for church or state,
 Gang murderin' sense an' grammar:
 Then let us pray God's power to stay
 Our gabs frae rants an' brawlin',
 Our hearts and han's frae folly's plans,
 Our pens frae simple scrawlin',
 By night or day.

I'se thank ye owre an' owre again
 For speakin' unco kindly
 O' what my brain let idly slip,
 Not owre smooth an' finely:
 Sae gi'e's your han', if that ye can,
 By some hook, crook, or ither,
 An' let me here subscribe mysel'
 Your ain pen-stricken brither,
 Till life's last day.

Killarung, March 24th, 1855.

GEORGE.

The Complete Susquehanna Angler.

WHEREIN SCHOLIAST DISCOURSETH ON ANCIENT GASTRONOMY.

BY CHARLES A. MUNGER.

PART TWO.

PISCATOR : Marry, an I will see. 'Fore heaven that was a most lovely flash of lightning, blue and jagged; and there comes the big thunder tumbling at its heels. The shower sags to one side of us. I doubt if we get more than a sprinkle from one corner of it. We shall fish in quiet then, and thou shalt talk without fear of a soaking.

SCHOLIAST : Let it rain an it likes; 'tis an old saying that rain makes the hair grow. And now, as the breviary of Augustan manners and customs was in many particulars a transcript of those of Greece, and as the former are more or less illustrative of the latter, I propose to follow through the *cæna Trimalchionis*, as detailed by Petronius, stopping occasionally to explain and enlarge. Becker's Banquet in Gallus is but an abridgement of Petronius, even to the story of the wehr-wolf, and, he having relied upon that author, we may look upon him as a fair exponent. The ostentation of the Roman, however, is not fairly chargeable upon the more refined Greek. We will begin with the guests immediately on reclining. The shoes having been taken off, as was the custom, Egyptian boys poured snow-water on their hands, while others *picked their toe-nails*. Wine was then produced, and directly the first course of the banquet followed. The *promulsis*, *antecæna*, or *gustatio*, as it was called by the Romans, consisted of all things deemed provocative of appetite; eggs being an indispensable portion of it. Petronius then says: 'On the promulsidary stood an ass in Corinthian metal, with two panniers containing *olives*, white on one side, black on the other. . . . There were also little salvers in the shape of bridges, on which were laid *dormice*, strewed over with honey and poppy-seed.' These same dormice are still in good repute among modern epicures. Hot *sausages*, on a silver gridiron, followed. Then, from under a wooden hen, *eggs* of the pea-fowl were brought and distributed, which were eaten with spoons of a *pound weight*. With this the first course was removed by a company of singers. Now it must be recollected that the ancients knew nothing of forks. To modern ingenuity are we indebted for that simple, useful, and graceful instrument. Therefore fingers were in constant requisition, and became from their office unctuous, rendering frequent ablutions necessary. The habits of the Orientals of our day are the same in this respect. The water (or in this case of extravagance — the wine) was poured upon the hands, some receptacle for it being placed upon the floor beneath. The ablutions being performed, wine was brought — 'Opimian Falernian,' a hundred years old. The vintage under the consulate of Opimius was

much esteemed by the Romans, as it was singularly excellent both in quantity and quality. It is curious to see to what lengths the ancients carried the manufacture of wines. Xenophon says that the ten thousand, in their retreat through Carduchia, found wine in such plenty that it was contained in plastered cisterns. The brands were as numerous as the vineyards. Athenæus enumerates them, giving their peculiar qualities. There was the sweet Falernian, which was made when the *south wind blew through the vineyard*; there was the Rhegian, the Surrentine, Privernian, Formian, Tripoline, Sitine, Tiburnian, Labican, Gaurian, Prænestian, Mæsic, Ulban, Anconian, Buxentine, Veleternean, Calenian, Cæcuban, Fundan, Sabine, Signine, Nomentumian, Spolitumian, Capuan, Barbine, Cancini, a noble wine resembling the Falernian. There was the Lesbian, of which Alexis sings :

‘ALL wise men think
The Lesbian is the nicest wine to drink.’

There was, also, according to Hermippus :

‘MENDEAN wine, such as the gods distil
And sweet Magnesian, cures for every ill;
And Thasian, redolent of mild perfume;
But of them all the most inviting bloom
Mantles above old HOMER’S Chian glass;
That wine doth all its rivals far surpass.
There is a wine which Laprian they call;
Soon as the seals from the rich hogshead fall,
Violets and roses mix their lovely scent,
And hyacinth, in one rich fragrance blent.’

There was the Corinthian, Naxian, Bibline, Scia —

PISCATOR : Gramercy, my dear Scholiast, such a raking fire of grape will force me to surrender to Morpheus. And now I bethink me that this morning I did put into my pocket a flask of medicine, which was sold by the ounce in the time of good Queen Bess, a spoonful being considered a dose by Physician, and from its efficacy called *eau de vie*, now better known as brandy, which hath a very strengthening property, and is marvellously good for lubricating the hinges of the tongue. Nay, I have lost it! ’Tis not about here. It hath dropped on my way — perchance when I fell — and that rascally Poeta and unsophisticated Venator shall find it and become inebriated. Alas! that it should be! Prithee speak no more concerning wine, for it maketh my mouth to water, which I hold not to be a good index.

SCHOLIAST : No more then of wine, which I conceive to be no better than a

‘MIXTURE rank of midnight weeds collected,
With HECATE’S ban thrice blasted, thrice infected.’

The wine having been disposed of, a large circular tray was brought in, with the twelve signs of the zodiac around it, upon every one of which the *structor*, whose business it was to arrange the dishes upon the *furculum* or tray, had placed an appropriate dish — on Aries, ram’s-head pies; on Taurus, a piece of roast-beef; on Gemini, kidneys and lamb’s-fry; on Cancer, a crown — the host having been born under that constellation; on Leo, African figs; on Virgo, a young sow’s haslet — a

great favorite among the ancients, consisting of the *vulva* and *sumen* of a young sow which had never given suck ; on Scorpio, a fish of that name ; on Capricorn, a lobster ; on Aquarius, a goose ; on Pisces, two mullets, which were a chief object of Roman epicurism ; on Libra, a pair of scales, in one of which were tarts, in the other *cheese-cakes* ; and in the middle was a green turf with a honey-comb thereon. The cheese-cake was an article of food highly esteemed in the olden time, and therefore deserves more than a passing notice. It was the subject of separate treatises by gastronomers, and was frequently called the '*divine cheese-cake*.' Athenæus, who treats tediously upon all things bearing upon gastronomy, is unusually prolix when he comes to speak of this. He enumerates over thirty different kinds. One he mentions as compounded of cheese, milk, and honey. Those called Upoturides were made thus : 'Put some honey into some milk, pound them, and put them into a vessel, and let them coagulate ; then, if you have some little sieves at hand, put what is in the vessel into them, and let the whey run off ; and when it appears to you to have coagulated thoroughly, then take up the vessel in which it is and transfer it to a silver dish, and the coat or crust will be uppermost.' It does not seem that cheese was a necessary constituent of the cake, as the name would indicate. It took its name, probably, from the fact that the first were compounded from cheese, and that those subsequently made bore a resemblance to the former. But to discuss this matter of cheese-cakes further were to lose the whole centripetal force of my discourse, and therefore I desist. To return. 'Meanwhile,' says Petronius, 'an Egyptian slave carried bread in a silver portable oven, singing at the same time, in a very delicate voice, a song in praise of wine flavored with *laserpitium*.' Then 'four fellows came dancing in to the sound of music and took off the upper part of the tray, beneath which, on a second tray, were crammed fowls, a sow's paps, and a hare fitted with wings to resemble Pegasus. There were also four figures of Marsyas, standing at the several corners, spouting a highly-seasoned sauce on some fish, which swam in a very Euripus.' This sauce was probably *Garum*, an *exquisite* liquor, as Pliny calls it, extracted from the blood and the entrails of certain fish macerated in sea-water until putrefaction took place. During all this time musicians were in attendance, striking up at intervals dulcet strains in every mode : the simple Æolian, the varied Asian, the plaintive Lydian, the religious Phrygian, the warlike Dorian, and the convivial Ionic ; all of which may have pleased the ancients well enough, but which would have afforded no more gratification to modern ears than an accordeon and hurdy-gurdy playing different tunes together without any regard to time ; as harmony and time were both as yet unknown. Again the wine began to circle afresh. Acrobats were introduced ; jests and tales went round. A species of representation was performed. Rare and splendid presents were given the guests. These presentations were not infrequently very extravagant. We read that Cleopatra, having met Antony in Cilicia, prepared a royal entertainment for him, in which every dish was golden, inlaid with precious stones, wonderfully chased and embossed ; and the walls were hung with cloths embroidered in gold and purple, all of which she presented

to him, desiring him to sup with her the next day, and to bring his friends and captains with him. The banquet of the day succeeding was more splendid still. To the guests she gave every thing in the banquetting hall, even to the triclinia on which they lay, presenting, at their departure, to the highest palanquins, with slaves for bearers, and to the others horses with golden trappings, and Ethiopian boys to bear torches before them. The buffoneries of the boar and pastry pigs, and of the disembowelling of the second boar, I pass over as illustrative of nothing except ostentation. In consequence of the repeated draughts of wine, the guests became uproarious. A magnificent dessert was then laid, consisting of cakes and fruits, all of which were filled with a saffron liquid, which spirted upon the guests upon the slightest touch. Then a course of delicacies was brought forward, followed by drunken buffoneries, which were put an end to by the arrival of thrushes in pastry, stuffed with raisins and nuts, quinces, scollops, and oysters, probably *ostrea crudæ*, or, technically speaking, *raws*, closing with (O ye immortal gods! what a dish!) SNAILS. Here the feast breaks up amid dancing women, unruly servants, drunken guests, and stultified host.

The *cæna Trimalchionis*, though not given by one of the patrician order, may yet be considered as a fair picture of Roman manners and gastronomy, and much that appears absurd and ostentatious in Trimalchio is confirmed by other authors not to have been uncommon. Their feasts were more notable for extravagance than good taste; and upon them they concentrated all the gastronomic genius and resources of the world. Dishes composed of the brains of five hundred peacocks, or the tongues of five thousand nightingales, could have possessed no other merit than costliness. Perhaps I cannot better sum up the matter than by quoting from the *Physiologie du Gout*, a portion of the chapter entitled *Résurrection de Lucullus*, designed to represent a modern banquet, conducted after the magnificence of the Romans, though the description is highly varnished with French exaggeration:

‘Let us suppose that a man of eminent station and wealth wished to celebrate by a feast, to be at once memorable for its splendor and profusion, some great political or financial event. He would place all the arts under contribution to ornament the banquet-hall, and exhaust all the resources and skill of his house and excellencies of its cellar. He would cause two plays to be represented during this solemn dinner by the best actors, and music to be executed by the most renowned artists, as well vocal as instrumental. He would prepare for *entr’actes*, between dinner and *café*, a ballet, to be danced by all that the opera could furnish of grace and beauty. He would see the evening terminate with a ball, in which two hundred ladies, chosen from among the most beautiful, and four hundred dancers selected from the most elegant, should join; that the side-board should be constantly furnished with the most delicious beverages, hot, fresh, and iced; that toward midnight a well-ordered collation should endue all with renewed vigor; that the servants should be handsome and well clothed, the illumination perfect, and, to forget nothing, that the host should charge himself with sending for and re-conducting of all his guests.’

Bless me! but how our worthy master doth snore! I have heard they do not dream who snore; and they that have quiet consciences and

good digestion do not dream. He is a very honest man, without doubt. Awake, master!

PISCATOR : By my troth ! 't is a most lovely fish ; see how he doth give out the separate colors like the dolphin, whereof you may read in — ha ! I did sleep. Give me thy hand, most learned Scholiast. What a blessed thing is sleep ! it falleth down upon us like blessings showered from the great white throne. Thank God for sleep. But I think, my dear Scholiast, thou wert speaking of feasts and feasting. I pray thee proceed, for thy discourse was delectable ; for he speaketh excellently well who, avoiding all startling ideas and expressions, putteth his auditors at ease, and with honeyed sentences and rounded periods composes their senses into delightful slumber.

SCHOLIAST : After all, we moderns are but little in advance of the ancients in gastronomy. They made it a science ; we, especially Americans, degrade it to a necessity. While we are apt to deride all advancement, they were quick to encourage. Among the Sybarites, if any confectioner or cook invented any peculiar and excellent dish, no other artist was allowed to make it for a year, and he alone was entitled to the profits derived from its manufacture. Such inducements were held out to encourage excellence ; and I doubt if we have an earlier example of a patent-right than this, dating back as it does to about B.C. 520. If we except coffee, tea, chocolate, sugar, potatoes, *maize*, and *pumpkin pies*, there is little to pride ourselves upon. The following lines of Anaxandrides, remarkable for their grace and beauty, throw also much light upon their edibles. Listen, therefore, Piscator, while I sing them :

‘THERE is a scent of Syrian myrrh,
There is incense, there is spice ;
There are delicate cakes and loaves,
Cakes of meal and polypi,
Tripe, and fat, and sausages,
Soup, and beet, and figs, and peas,
Garlic, various kinds of tunnies,
Ptisan, pulse, and toast, and muffins,
Beans, and various kinds of vetches,
Honey, cheese, and cheese-cakes too,
Wheat, and nuts, and barley-groats,
Roasted crabs, and mullets boiled,
Roasted cuttle-fish, boiled turbot,
Frogs, and perch, and mussels too,
Sharks, and roach, and gudgeons too,
Fish from doves and cuckoos named,
Plaice and flounders, shrimps and rays.
Then, beside these dainty fish,
There is many another dish ;
Honey-combs and juicy grapes,
Figs and cheese-cakes, apples, pears,
Cornels, and the red pomegranate,
Poppies, creeping thyme, and parsley,
Peaches, olives, plums, and raisins,
Leeks and onions, cabbages,
Strong-smelling assafœtida,
Fennels, eggs, and lentils cool,
And well-roasted grasshoppers,
Cardamums and sesame,
Ceryces, salt, and limpets firm,
The pinna, and the oyster bright,
The periwinkle and the whelk :

And beside this, a crowd of birds,
Doves, and ducks, and geese, and sparrows,
Thrushes, larks, and jays, and swans,
The pelican, the crane, and stork,
Wag-tails and ousels, tits and finches.' — *Athen. IV.*, 9.

Owls and puppies were also in the *mouths* of every people. We can easily imagine that from grasshoppers, young sows' haslets, puppies, owls, and assofetida some rare dishes must have been concocted, which, eaten with the *garum* of which I have before spoken, must have been truly delectable. With such dishes, and the recumbent position, the ancient banquet must have been no trifling affair. How the guests could ever struggle through one without slobbering their long beards and bedaubing their cœnatory garments is a marvel to me ; but fashion and extreme laziness sanction a great many absurdities and inconveniences. It was customary at the conclusion of Grecian banquets to make libations and sing praises to the gods. Plato, in his Banquet, says : ' Upon this he told me that Socrates reclined himself, and took his supper, and so did the rest, and that they made libations, and sang the praises of the God.' So in Xenophon, after the feast, effusion of wine was made in honor of the gods. The manner in which these libations were performed was, according to Theophrastus, who died B.C. 286, as follows : ' The unmixed wine which is given at a banquet, which they call the pledge-cup, in honor of the Good Deity, they offer in small quantities, as if reminding the guests of its strength, and of the liberality of the god, by the mere taste. And they hand it round when men are already full, in order that there may be as little as possible drunk out of it. And having paid adoration three times, they take it from the table, as if they were entreating of the gods that nothing may be done unbecomingly, and that they may not indulge in immoderate desires for this kind of drink, and that they may derive what is honorable and useful from it.' I give one of the *scolia* sung by the Deipnosophists upon their libations :

'O THOU Tritonian PALLAS! who from heaven above
Look'st with protecting eye
On this holy city and land,
Deign our protectress now to prove,
From loss in war, from dread sedition's band,
And death's untimely blow, thou and thy father, Jove.'

And now for the moral of my discourse. We see gastronomy, as an art, keeps pace with civilization ; that it is its concomitant, and that it is subject to no laws of retrogression. We observe that those nations where it is unknown are sunk in savagery. Thus you see what a wide field of investigation our subject opens. It would afford me infinite pleasure to trace the effects of cooks and cookery upon the world, from the earliest ages to the present time ; but that is a work only for a philosopher. The ancients did not fail to discover its beneficent influences upon mankind. Athenion, in his *Samothracians*, introduces a cook arguing philosophically about the nature of things and men, saying :

'Cook. Do you not know that cookery has brought
More aids to piety than aught beside ?

'Slave. Say by what means.

'Cook. Attend and you shall hear.
 The art of cookery drew us gently forth
 From that ferocious life when, void of faith,
 The Anthropophaginian ate his brother!
 To cookery we owe well-ordered states,
 Assembling men in dear society.
 Wild was the earth, man feasting upon man,
 When one of nobler sense and milder heart
 First sacrificed an animal; the flesh
 Was sweet, and man then ceased to feed on man!
 And something of the rudeness of those times
 The priest commemorates; for to this day
 He roasts the victim's entrails without salt.
 In those dark times beneath the earth lay hid
 The precious salt — that gold of cookery!
 But when its particles the palate thrilled,
 The source of seasonings, charm of cookery, came.
 They served a paunch with rich ingredients stored;
 And tender kid within two covering plates,
 Warm melted in the mouth. So art improved.
 At length a miracle not yet performed,
 They minced the meat, which, rolled in herbage soft,
 Nor meat nor herbage seemed, but to the eye,
 And to the taste, the counterfeited dish
 Mimicked some curious fish; invention rare!
 Thus every dish was seasoned more and more,
 Salted, or sour, or sweet, and mingled oft
 Oat-meal and honey. To enjoy the meal
 Men congregated in the populous towns,
 And cities flourished, which we cooks adorned
 With all the pleasures of domestic life.

'Slave. Oh! rare! where will this end?

'Cook. To us you owe
 The costly sacrifice. We slay the victims,
 We pour the free libations, and to us
 The gods themselves lend a propitious ear,
 And for our special merits scatter blessings
 On all the human race; because from us
 And from our art mankind were first induced
 To live the life of reason, and the gods
 Received due honor.' — *Athen. XIV.*, 81.

But what is this I see? Poeta and Venator walking arm-in-arm; Poeta swinging his hat, and Venator brandishing a bottle. Alas! they have taken to drink; and, hark! they are singing some rollicking song.

PISCATOR: By my halidom! it is my own flask which Venator swingeth.

VENATOR: Huzza! huzza! my worthy master; huzza! my brave Scholiast. Truly saith Poeta, we have found the fountain of Hippocrene. Drink. *

POETA: The maiden fair, with lips so rare, and eye of ebon blackness, with witching form, all ripe and warm, can give no rapture like this. Oh! the good red wine! oh! the blood-red wine! of life the very nectar; without which all were 'neath a pall, and Joy a shivering spectre. Drink deep, dear friends, for, till it ends, blow winds, come clouds, storms roar; with rare old wine we'll keep sunshine within our bosom's core.

PISCATOR: You are villainously given to jesting, my scholars, for there is naught herein. Nay, my dear Scholiast, not so much as a drop; and thus, thou seest, though our life be very gentle and quiet, yet we shall

not escape all crosses. Now let us see what great fish there be upon our hooks, for it is near three hours they have been in the water.

VENATOR : So master, I have one as long as your finger !

SCHOLIAST : Master, see ; I have a large one. Nay, I have broken my hook.

PISCATOR : Surely he must have been a strong one to have bitten it off. Marry, Poeta, see what a fine one I have. Catch hold of him.

POETA : Aha ! master, I am hurt.

PISCATOR : HEAVEN forefend ! You have taken the bull-head by the horns. But see what a cloud of dust doth hang over yonder village ; and lo ! there comes the lightning and thunder, lashing and urging on the storm. Let us hence.

VENATOR : Marry, now ! how the rain doth sweep over yonder field ; and, with its drifting columns, it doth look like an advancing army. And now the wind striketh the tree above and maketh its high head to wag. Here comes the blinding rain scudding along. How sharply it lightens, and how quick the hoarse thunder growls after it ! Let us stay under this sheltering oak.

PISCATOR : Nay, good my scholar. Know that lightning doth much incline to strike high objects ; and farther down I hope to take a brace of suckers for our supper.

Here we are, and the shower is past. What a blessed thing is rain ; for it hath sobered you, Poeta and Venator, and washed off the dust which I got by our tumble. How gracefully the river bendeth here. We will down upon this craft. Ha ! I have a shiner as long as your second finger.

VENATOR : By my faith ! good master, I envy your luck. But what shall we do with so many fish ? — for we have now three.

PISCATOR : We will bestow this, and that fish of thine upon some poor person. What dost thou with that book, Poeta ?

POETA : Huzza ! my brave comrades. Is this not a bait for a whale ? 't is my pocket Milton. Leviathan himself will nibble at it, and the great sea-serpent dislocate his back-bone to taste it. Ha ! what a glorious bite ! Lo ! the lure is gone. How sayest thou now, Scholiast, will the fishes not sing like thrushes now ?

SCHOLIAST : For a verity, I think they will. See how the dust stoopeth to the surface of the stream ; and list ! I hear the plaintive whip-poor-will calling for her lost mate. The Indians have a legend concerning this bird which I will, when next we go to the angle, repeat to thee, for it is very beautiful.

PISCATOR : I shall be glad to hear it. Now let us go ; for we have a brace and a half of fish, and yonder stands our inn. We will walk under this bank, lest Poeta bring shame upon us — for he is yet quite drunken — and lest pestilent fellows ask us of our luck.

VENATOR : Bless me ! master, some good house-wife hath placed a salt mackerel in the stream to freshen. Let us take it, and prevail upon our worthy host to fry it for our supper.

PISCATOR : 'T is a good thought ; and we will leave some money in its stead. So we shall have two brace, and the half of them shall fur-

nish us a meal. We have had most excellent luck. But I have no change.

VENATOR ; We will return betimes and place some here. Lo ! I have it.

PISCATOR : Now let us throw away these rods. We will enter the back-door of our inn, and change our clothes, and make merry with a bottle of small-beer over our smoking meal.

SCHOLIAST : Oh ! most delectable. How my mouth doth water at the thought of it. When next thou goest to the angle, pray let me be advised, for I have been mightily pleased.

PISCATOR : And now the evening hath come. Let us go in, and we will eat our supper heartily, drink our beer gratefully, pay our bill thankfully, call down blessings on our kind and jovial host, and some other day, with honest and quiet minds, go a-angling.

L I N E S .

— 'ANIMAM ne crede puellis,
Namque est faminea tutior, unda fide.' — PETRON.

FAR from this dull prosaic land,
Many a weary league away,
Stretches a beach of whitest sand,
Spread out by Ocean's mighty hand,
And glittering with his pearly spray.
Scattered thereon in richest store
Are tinted shells of color rare,
And, following on the breakers' roar,
The sea-breeze drifts the foam it bore
In snowy masses through the air.
Along the beach, some near, some far,
Dropped by the wave's returning flow,
Lies many a shattered mast and spar,
Relics of elemental war,
Blackened, as battle's trophies are,
Memorials of distress and woe.
And far to sea, the frothy crest
Of many a rolling breaker glancing,
Shoulders its way above the rest,
As seeking in its earnest quest
To view the shore upon whose breast,
Like charging squadron, 't is advancing.

Nestled beneath a mighty rock,
(St. ANNE'S Cape the name it bore,)
The 'Faery Isle' escapes the shock
Of billows, and their rage may mock ;
Looking a jewel from the shore,

Heaved from the sea — a shred of land
Scarce larger than a fisher's boat,
A glittering ring of silver sand,
Close plumed with shrubs whose flowers expand,
A many-colored glorious band,
And on the ocean seem to float.
Within the isle a little well
Of purest, freshest crystal sprung,
Whose bubbling column, legends tell,
Opened, before the proper spell,
The glittering road to Faerydom.
A charmed spot: for faery aid,
So mortals said, was often given
To those who by the well had prayed;
And many a loving youth and maid
Their frequent vows together paid
Beside that shrine, as if to HEAVEN.
Oft to the fount young EDWARD came,
With murmured prayer for faery favor.
His whispered suit was still the same;
For EMMA's love — no other name
E'er crossed his lip — no other flame
E'er shone beside the love he gave her.
He won the maid; by faery power
Or lover's art I know not, tell not;
Or whether it chanced at vesper hour
On the white sea-beach, or in secret bower,
Or by the faery fountain's shower:
From EDWARD's lip the secret fell not.
The lovers plighted their faith; and who,
If he seeks through earth to its utmost bound,
E'er met a maid but her faith was true,
Or a woman false to her promise found?

One summer eve, as the sun declined,
Hung in the red and glowing West,
'Like a burning thought in a poet's mind,'
Or a passionate lover closely twined
On the blushing curve of his maiden's breast —
Young EDWARD sought the faery well,
And lo! beside its margin stood
A figure like EVE's before she fell,
Or the women of old, whom poets tell
The angels stooped from heaven and wooed.
'The blue of her eye was the hue of the sky,'
Her hair like the streakings of morning light,
As it shoots from the cloud, an airy shroud,
Which veils from the earth the sun-day bright.

Her face was young and wondrous fair,
(A girl she was, or little older,)
But in its rest there was an air
Of power, and something scornful there
There lurked, which daunted the beholder.
And on her brow a shimmering star
Seemed ever and anon to quiver,
As ye see the lights in heaven that are
Stoop from their aerial home afar,
And shine reflected in a river.

Her robe was the finest of silken sheen,
 Its tint was a glancing silvery green,
 And it clung to her figure's swell
 Till her bosom's faintest curve was seen,
 And the curious eye could trace, I ween,
 Her dainty waist as well.
 Oh! it was startling to see her so
 Standing beside the spring,
 And from her presence there seemed to flow
 Something which made the pulses go
 With a chilling feel and a beat more slow,
 And fear on the heart to bring.

She spoke, and her silver voice was clear,
 And low, and sad, though sweet;
 And its murmuring cadence met the ear
 Like the whispered grieving we sometimes hear,
 Made by the wailing sorrowing air,
 E'er the storm begins to beat.
 Her words in their rhythm seemed to swell
 Or die, as the fountain rose and fell.

'On woman's love oh! ne'er believe:
 More stable the wave in its flow;
 She will smile and promise, and yet deceive —
 Naught falser on earth below!
 One whose nature is higher than clay,
 (And her bosom began to swell,
 I who seek thee here to-day;
 If you'll follow me through this crystal way,
 I'll love thee long and well.'

And as she ceased, the opening Spring
 Received her in its breast,
 And the faery minstrels seemed to ring
 Their harps, and many a welcome sing,
 Such as might greet the blessed.

* He followed not: his steadfast love
 The faery's charm defied.
 Her beauty failed his heart to move,
 Or only served his faith to prove
 To her, his promised bride.

The faery font is choked and dry,
 Its mistress never seen,
 And EDWARD the island ne'er comes nigh,
 Though he glances oft with a troubled eye
 Toward its foliage green.
 And EMMA: did woman ever fail
 In constancy to man?
 Or is it but a slanderous tale
 Which says that her passion soon grows pale,
 That her love and faith like mists exhale?
 Let him answer the quest who can.

O U R Y O U N G L A D I E S .

THE American Young Lady is *sui generis*. There is nothing like her. In all civilized nations, young ladies are most carefully secluded, watched over, and deprived in a measure of personal liberty. The Spanish duenna is a character known in history, the seclusion of an English school-girl is proverbial, while the French demoiselle is as carefully watched as her sister beyond the Pyrenees. Still less, finding no prototype to our young lady in civilization, can we compare her to a Hottentot, or a savage of any kind; therefore we return to our original starting-point, and pronounce her *sui generis*.

She is like necessity, and 'knows no law.' She is generally dutiful, and obeys her parents, as far as they require, but they do not require very stringent obedience.

On her return home from school, she has her own ideas on the subject of dress, whether she will go into 'society,' or whether she will be quiet and studious at home. Mamma suits herself to either humor. Sometimes mamma keeps about, and has an eye out to windward, but not always. She feels a great respect for Jane's own sagacity and good sense, perfect confidence in her prudence, and if somewhat out of society ways, as American mammas are apt to be, she allows her precious treasure to go to Saratoga with a friend; hears complacently of her flirtations with young Rapid; asks her, when she gets home, if she is 'engaged;' and listens very quietly to the good sense and prudence which characterize the young lady's own opinions of young Rapid's fortune and expectations.

This, of course, is not a fair description of every mamma, or of every young lady, but we all know hundreds of such cases among our most respectable families, and we all know that in no country save our own could the thing happen.

In the Northern States, particularly New-England, the young lady has the mantle of many Puritan grandmothers hanging about her; her face wears over all its innate coquetry a soft veil of reserve; she is a little prudish and distant; her manners are slightly wanting in grace, that sweetest grace of all, affability; she is 'highly intellectual,' reads Goethe; and has, as Hawthorne expresses it, 'an instinct to attend lectures.' Above all, she has a high sense of duty, so long and so rigidly inculcated by her Puritan surroundings that it has almost extinguished (one would think) her natural instincts, did not Nature occasionally assert herself, and prove that

'EVEN in Athens there may be
A sweeter thing than liberty.'

If the Eastern young lady have a fault, it is in being *too good, too learned, and too faultless*. She is very pretty, beautiful, when very young. There are no complexions which compare with the delicate blooms of the sea-coast, or the healthful and brighter cheeks which we find in our Eastern mountain towns. Perhaps a shadow more — what

shall we say — a trifle more fullness of figure would be an improvement, a little relaxing of the muscles, a less stern view of life, would improve the Eastern young lady. When she gets a little advanced in life, she is in terrible danger of growing strong-minded ; but we approach the shadowy limits of our subject. We were speaking of *young ladies*.

But as we always want to get out when we have affixed a limit to our meditations, we are irresistibly impelled to contemplate the Eastern young lady when she ceases to be a young lady, and barter her incomparable independence 'for a name and for a ring.' As a wife, she is perfect. No visions of the '*femme incomprise*' rise to trouble the pure serenity of her mind. To her, her husband is the 'rose and the expectancy of the fair state ;' and if she live in New-England, she likes to have him write some initial of honor before or after his name. LL.D. and D.D. fill her with complacency. All her ambition is for him. She is quite content to grow pale and thin under her many domestic cares, thinking always of duty, and of her home and its treasures. If his fortunes lead him to that Western land whose high road is said to be marked with the bones of those who have fallen, 'moving farther on,' she goes heroically, carrying the light heart and ready wit of 'Mary Clavers' along with her. Remembering her New-England thrift, she makes the wilderness to blossom as the rose ; bears untold hardships without a murmur ; preserves her strong and faithful piety through long years, during which she hears not the music of Sabbath bells, save in her dreams ; brings up her boys to be sturdy lords of fifty thousand acres of land, and future members of Congress ; and her girls to be educated for any position in this country or Europe. We forgive the Eastern young lady such virtues as these, such constancy, and sublime self-denial ; such apostles of good as these well-educated and well-principled young women have been in all our great Western land, make their rigidity of muscle, their tendency for lectures, to fade out of the picture, and we see them in all their admirable tints.

If we have chosen to speak of the shadows in the fair portrait, we have also neglected to point out the *high lights*. Not satisfied with doing those things which we ought not to have done, we leave undone those things which we ought to have done. Let us repair the latter error.

Our Eastern young lady reads very good books : she knows Shakespeare well, and his glorious company. As Charles Lamb delightfully says of his sister, 'she has browsed at will upon the fair and wholesome pasturage of old English reading.'

She reads history, and has no shabby amount of science. She knows Latin better than French, although she has read the classics of the latter tongue. Accomplishments (of the lightest character) are not as much cultivated at the North as at the South. She prefers hearing one of Mr. Emerson's lectures read aloud, to the music of the most bewitching waltz — not that she does n't like a dance now and then, but all her profound emotions and sympathies are of the æsthetic. In music, she worships and cultivates the Beethoven and Mendelssohn school. She likes whatever is obscure and dreamy ; is profoundly

metaphysical in mind, while remarkably straightforward in practice. She is the flower of a Northern tree, which, though torn up and planted anew, has not changed its growth, but perhaps modified its development.

The Southern young lady springs from a very different source. Her great-grandfather was a cavalier. With his disdain of his inferiors, his showy person and accomplishments, he was not likely to leave as an inheritance to his children the stern virtues or intolerance of the Puritan. His fair descendant has been born graceful and handsome; has learned those accomplishments which tell best in society. She is far more amiable in her manners than the Eastern young lady; and if her knowledge of history is not as good, she has a French epigram at her tongue's end, which is more amusing, and is spoken with infinite grace. She has fine eyes and hair, and a superb person. If she has not the delicate loveliness of the dame of the East, she has more presence; she is more showy, and admired at first sight.

Her manners are perfection; the sunniest smile, the most flattering attention to the speaker, be he ever so dull; the readiest courtesy in the world beams from these daughters of the South. They are great politicians, and their goal is the White-House. If they fail of reaching that, a foreign appointment is the next best. One Southern lady of great beauty and great influence, said she had done every thing to gain a foreign post for her husband *but to kiss the President*, (and if he did not relent then, he certainly was harder than his face, which was a very cast-iron one;) she did not even have to proceed to this disagreeable extent, but got the appointment without.

They are generally fine musicians and good linguists. In short, they are preëminently our women of society. They are said to be somewhat inconstant in love, and to consider themselves doing only a small business when engaged to three men at once. However that may be, the fortunate man who carries off the prize, finds generally that his accomplished bride settles down into an excellent wife and mother, discharging with great propriety the onerous duties of plantation-life.

Let us imagine the horror of an English, a French, and a Spanish mamma, if it should be proposed to them that Lady Geraldine, the fair Matilde, and the dark-eyed Inez, should go travelling about the country alone! take young men to parties, dance with whom they please, conduct their own matrimonial arrangements, and enjoy nearly the liberty which falls to the lot of the elderly and married. The English mamma would quietly retire to her inmost closet, and thank HEAVEN that she is not as this American. The French mamma would shrug her shoulders very significantly; and the Spanish lady would double-lock her daughter's room, and substitute an uglier and more severe duenna than ever.

But should we like to exchange standards of morality with the Spanish or French? No. So far as the results can speak for any system of education, we point with pride to the results of freedom of action. No women command the universal respect, none, we believe, deserve it more than our own.

One course of education, however, they might copy with advantage.

We refer to the English system of a *prolonged youth*. While our girls are figuring at parties, imperfectly educated, to say the least, the English girl is carefully secluded in the school-room, allowed merely to exercise under the protecting shade of the tall ancestral oaks, far from excitement, and glitter, and distraction. She is building a splendid edifice of health and beauty; she is ripening slowly and well.

At thirty-five, our women do not show well beside English women. Is there not something in our course of life which is wrong?

Is not our great desire to make our young women enjoy themselves, after all, a weak indulgence to ourselves? Would it not promote the real happiness of these young people if they led a more secluded and thoughtful life, and did not preface the sterner duties of life with so long a holiday?

Let us contemplate for a moment that agreeable hybrid, the New-York young lady. She is the embodiment of style; she shows what can be done for the raw material by cultivation. We doubt if a Spanish woman walks better, if a French woman dresses better, if an English woman can show more accomplishments than the best-trained and most successful specimens of the New-York young lady. Every nation contributes to her many-sided education. Germany comes over to teach her the piano; Italy tries to make her sing; France succeeds in making her dance and speak French. The world is drained to furnish her wardrobe. No Cleopatra dissolves her pearls more recklessly; no more luxurious creature treads the earth than she. But does she *think* much? We are far from condemning luxuries and amusements; they come from the same wise HAND which dispenses sorrows and deprivations, but it sometimes seems to us that they divert the mind from its true ends and aims. Our young ladies are hurried on by that vast organization *called society*, and never have time to stop and think.

Does it ever occur to them that they have read of a class of women (not alone those whom Sidney Smith describes in this phrase: 'There lived in France a class of women who violated all the decencies of life, and gave very pleasant little suppers,') who were beautiful, and fashionable, and *intellectual* also? — women who knew how to talk well, write well; who were the chosen companions of men of thought and culture.

When we read of Lady Holland and her *coterie* of thinkers, authors, statesmen, and artists, and find this remark: 'That she knew so much of every man's speciality, that she could make him talk better than he ever did before; that she threw the grace of her feminine intellect over science, poetry, and politics,' does it not make the sphere in which our young ladies are content to move, a narrow one?

The American women are peculiarly the help-mates of the men; they receive a prouder homage in the universal respect which awaits them, than is given to any queen on her throne; therefore, there is a strong additional reason why they should heighten every excellence, and exalt the character to its greatest perfection; a great nation requires it of them. There is in the heart of man a voice which calls loudly for perfection in *woman*. Did no aspiration within herself teach it, this should lead her upward and onward. But a still, small voice within

her own heart speaks perpetually to HEAVEN. She feels that she should be

‘So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,’

that man can turn to her from the degenerate world, and find some suggestion of that better world which is to come.

S. H. D.

T H E L O S T H O P E .

BY MISS LOUISE E. VICKROY.

I.

It is lost, the sweet hope that was mine, till it taught me
To believe that it formed of my being a part;
Till my cheek could but glow, and my eye but take lustre
From the flame it had lit on the hearth of the heart.

II.

’T was my sun through the day and the star of my night-time;
But alas! when I knew not it suddenly fled,
And its light is no longer a crown for the living,
And, oh! bitterer sorrow! ’t is not with the dead.

III.

Oh! no; had it died with the voice of a loved one,
Or chilled with some brow in the grave’s gloomy prison,
Some angel of light by the sepulchre door-way
Might kindly point upward and say, ‘It is risen.’

IV.

But now, in the brightness and glory of noon-day
I but feel that some shadow my spirit has crossed,
And at midnight, from dreams of the hope that once cheered me
I awake with the cry on my lips: ‘It is lost!’

V.

Though sometimes, even yet, to my desolate bosom
Its memory, a phantom-like wandering ray,
Comes, sweet as a flower-scent borne by the breezes,
And soft as an echo just dying away;

VI.

Yet ’t is lost, and more sad than the star-sisters’ grieving
When a Pleiad was missed from the heavenly host,
Is each sister hope’s sigh, by despair over-shadowed,
Since I say of the bright one, ‘’T is lost! it is lost!’

Johnstown, (Pa.) 1855.

S E B A S T O P O L .

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

THE Russian in the North is out,
His deserts are astir with arms;
The Calmuck's cheer, the Cossack's shout
Fill Europe with alarms!
Their camp-fires blaze from plain to peak,
Along the Ural mountain-chain;
From Frozen Ocean, wild and bleak,
To Volga's cultured plain.
From the blue Baltic to the Black,
From village-street and mountain-track
The Muscovites advance:
Their brass-drums summon from the tents
The savage Tartar regiments,
To arm with gun and lance.

The savage boor that roams the waste
Of bleak Siberia, hears the blast
Of the war-horn, and leaves his flock,
And his rude cabin by the rock,
To swell the ranks of war:
The fiery Hulan, grim and tall,
The sentinel on Moscow's wall
Haste to the battle, at the call
Of the imperial Czar!

All round thy walls, Sebastopol,
From morn to night unceasing roll
The musketry's fierce fusilade,
The batteries' thunderous cannonade;
The mortar's roar, the bursting shell,
The victor's shout, the dying yell,
And all those frightful sounds of rage
When nations in mad fight engage!

And o'er thy walls, Sebastopol,
The sulphurous smokes of battle roll!
A hurricane of iron hail
Sweeps ever in remorseless gale,
On stony rampart, trench, and fosse —
'Mid wreathing smoke thy banners toss;
While round them gleams the dripping blade,
In the hot storm of escalade:
Till reeling from the stern turmoil,
Bleeding and fainting, spent with toil,
The torn battalions back recoil;
Too weak to drag with staggering tread,
From the red field, so thick o'erspread,
Their wounded comrades and their dead!

Around thy walls, Sebastopol,
The white tents of the nations gleam:

The Turkish Crescent-flags unroll ;
 The meteor flags of England stream ;
 And Gaul's imperial standards float
 O'er guarded bastion and moat.
 Around thy shores, from decks of fame,
 Dark batteries belch their ghastly flame ;
 Morn, noon is shrouded with their smoke,
 And midnight hears the measured stroke
 Of marching hosts, and sees the flash
 Of shells, and trembles at their crash !

Stand firmly, then, all ye that keep
 The leagured fort and battered wall,
 Or the bold Briton soon may leap
 Triumphant o'er them, and the Gaul
 Upon ye in his vengeance fall !
 And the fierce Turk with bloody blade,
 Trample thy ranks, all lowly laid !

New-York, June, 1855.

OUR LITTLE MAN: A SKETCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'PEEPS FROM A BELFRY, OR THE PARISH SKETCH-BOOK,' ETC.

'THERE be some persons that will not receive a reward for that for which God accounts himself a debtor; persons that dare trust God with their charity without a witness.'

WALTON'S LIFE OF DONNE.

THOSE lives which are without striking incidents, are nevertheless not less worthy of record. We love to linger, and can find food for musing by the quiet brook, as well as on the margin of the grand and classic river. Each mirrors somewhat of the earth and heaven, from where it starts from nothing, till it empties in the deep, broad sea. So are the tides which bear along the great or lowly; they have their shallows and their whirlpools, and flash about some noted sceneries, as they lave the golden sands of life.

In a certain rural district stands a quaint old parish-church, of no particular style of architecture, but snug and comfortable within. The desk, the pulpit, and the organ-loft are so many high eyries, (a little lower than the angels,) and in the latter I loved to be ensconced when a boy, and look down on the congregation below. Near the chancel is a plain marble slab inscribed to the memory of a late rector, the Rev. Willie Allison, recording the date of his birth and death, and this passage from Holy Writ: 'Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man what God hath prepared for those who love HIM.' I was acquainted with him well, and have undertaken to write his life, although there is so little to say about him. However, that little is worth knowing. He came to the parish in his youth, and administered in no other place until he died, and was familiarly alluded to by the worthy people as 'Our little man.' Whether this were only

a title whereby no disrespect was intended, or whether it were a suitable appellation for a scholar and a gentleman, who was no more than the rector of a small country parish, who, according to his demureness and meekness is apt to be considered a mere nobody, it matters not. Almost every modest country parson is known and referred to in like manner. At all events, his name was seldom pronounced. It was : 'What do you think of our little man?' 'And how do you like our little man?' If he preached a discourse with any salient points in it, it would be whispered, as the people moved out : 'Pretty well to-day for our little man.' If it were on angels, lilies of the field, the devil, or any thing out of the way, they would say : 'Our little man is getting fanciful;' or if on erudite topics of theology, far out into the vasty deep, where the horizon seemed to come down and stop their vision; on faith, or regeneration, or any subject which they did not like to hear, they would also remark : 'Our little man has put us all to sleep; we have no faith in faith; he preaches heathen Greek.'

He was not so very *petite* in stature, say about five feet eight. Some persons of the same height, well-proportioned in other respects, would not be considered small men, especially if they held good positions in the church. But he stooped a little, and his neck was short, and he did not loom up very largely, nor look as if he could fight his physical battles well, which indeed his calling would scarce allow, though an occasion might seem to offer; for theological strife waxes so warm now-a-days, that it occasionally invokes the use of carnal weapons, and he who is the tallest and the lustiest stands a better chance among the foe.

Neither was his mental stature so diminutive; for he was well versed in sacred and profane letters, and had a good faculty of applying what he read, both in conversation and in preaching, so as to make it tell well on the point in hand. If his memory were not very good as to dry and abstract facts, it never let them go if they applied to general, well-established principles. Hence his classification was correct and useful; and although the habits of a student, the careful and precise modes in which he arranged his thoughts, made his manner one of slowness, and a trepidation and nervous temper threw him frequently from off his guard, while all this deprived him of the flippant and ready change, of the small and silvery bits of tattle which pass current, 'our little man' would by no means be considered of no account in any real and intellectual society.

His disposition was genial and affectionate, though exceedingly reserved, so mild indeed that it impressed others with an idea that he wanted firmness. Seldom liable to any encroachment, and always on the side of peace, he yet knew how to check impertinence, and put it down with a sudden energy which smacked of the natural spirit which was in him. But he was never known to let the sun go down upon his wrath. Without ambition for the world's applause, not pushing himself according to his merits, he seemed rather to creep along through the sequestered walks which he had chosen, paying his kindly and oft-repeated visits to the poor and afflicted, who acknowledged him as their best friend; and these too spoke of him in the language of affection, as 'our little man.'

His lot was fixed in a charming locality, where sea and land, hill and valley, smooth lawns and gay meadows combined in a landscape to please the eye and invite the wealthy to reside there. They had taken possession of every desirable nook and secluded by-place, which they had laid out in pebbled walks, adorned with trees, and with a profusion of early and late-blooming flowers. A parish church was a *sine qua non* to these Christian people, and without it they would not have been willing to come. They drove to church on pleasant Sunday mornings, and by clubbing altogether, ten or a dozen of them, they were enabled to raise a little salary for their little man, about the same as that of a good coachman. He, however, did not complain on that score.

He used to make his home at the house of a poor widow, of whom he was both temporally and spiritually almost the sole support. She lived in a picturesque little nook, in a house composed of one story and a half, very small indeed, and attached to it was also a small garden. She possessed beside a few acres, in which she pastured her cow, and what she received for the rector's board. These, however, were ample to provide a frugal living, sometimes spiced with dainties, for them both. Seated in tidy estate in the parlor of her domicile, she was a picture of piety and contentment, and her mouth was full of expressions about the goodness and mercies of God. The greatest pleasure and business of her life was in attending to the wants and comforts of the little man, in mending his shirts, darning his stockings, marking his pocket-handkerchiefs, and in seeing to it that his hands and surplice were without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing. Quiet heart! How peacefully and serenely were gliding onward the latter days of a life, of which the early part had been overcast and full of trouble.

The pastor's study was a very sanctuary of cosy retirement. It was sheltered in summer from the glare of day by the foliage of two English cherry-trees, and our little man loved to pluck the ripe fruit from the end of the limbs, as he sat in the open window, or watched the robins as they built their nests, or dropped the earth-worms into the wide-agape mouths of their young before his eyes; and when the trees were covered with fragrant blossoms, to listen to the hum of busy bees, who swarmed about their crowns, or bumped their heads against the window-panes. Every morning after breakfast, the widow glided up the cramped and crooked stair-case, broom in hand, into the study, and bustled about with great zeal and with exceeding discrimination. Every particle of dust was swept out of the room and out of doors with a most eager besom, and no stray thread escaped the keen glance of those spectacled eyes. The ink-stand was washed, and not a dot or blot or spatter was suffered to remain on the margin of the black pool; the nibs and points of many pens were also freed from their incrustations, but no open book, no piece of writing, or paper with its precious written thoughts, was touched or disturbed. Mr. Allison was particularly nervous on this point, and the widow knew it. Once and once only the cat had toyed with a text or two of Holy Writ upon a stray leaf, and dragged it beneath the table. It was searched for and found presently. The rector uttered no word of complaint, but he looked sternly, at least the old lady thought so. After the learned tomes of

the Fathers had been dusted with a brush of peacock's feathers, and the snow-white pillow disposed in the inner chamber, and all things set to rights, the hostess quietly disappeared ; so that when the rector returned in a few moments, he could not fail to perceive that he was reinstated in greater comfort, and it looked as if some tidy angel had been present and fanned the little sanctuary with his plume. Once fairly ensconced in his chair among his books, the voice of our little man would scarce be heard from day to day. He came regularly to meals, but ate so frugally that the whole year was to him a Lenten season. On Monday mornings, he took his hat and cane, and wandered off ; on Tuesday, he was quite chirpy and conversational ; but during the rest of the week, demure and silent ; for he worked hard in the composition of sermons. He seemed to indulge in no sort of unmixed recreation ; he took to himself no season of holiday, for the purpose of travelling, during the hot summer months ; he never went a-fishing, and was very abstinent in the pleasures of the tea-table. In short, he acted so prudently and on the negative as to afford small chance for gossip or remark, except in the common-place allusions which were made to 'our little man.' Any knowledge which the people had of him was associated only with the desk or with the pulpit, with a christening or with a funeral, or with some ministerial act. This reserve was at least on the side of safety ; for it is, alas ! too true with respect to the clergy, that any thing like a freedom of genial intercourse, will afford occasion which will be used against them. Even the poor widow who ministered to his little wants, knew little about him, except that he gave no trouble, that he ate nothing, that he was a wonderful preacher, and a dear, good little man.

Whatever his habits were, however, they sprang from the constitution of his mind, and were probably but little modified by his calling. In any position, he would have been subdued and retiring in his demeanor. There was that about him which seemed to indicate that he would never take unto himself a wife. He was too much attached to books and study, and the little sanctuary beneath the widow's eaves, and had few wants and cravings beyond what these might supply. As far as could be discerned, he had no particular yearning for the beauty of woman, notwithstanding the real warmth and tenderness of his nature. As for the fair of his flock, he was singularly precise and formal in his conduct toward them, indulged in no witticism or pleasantry, nor gave the slightest token that he looked on any of them particularly to admire them. The poor widow did not think that there was much probability that he would ever marry. Indeed he had become so much a fixture in her house, and she so much engrossed in taking care of him, that she felt a jealous love, which would have been greatly jarred and worried with the thought. As to her own little stipend, which would be thus diminished and almost brought to naught by such a step, it never once entered her thoughts. There was no imminent danger, nevertheless she sometimes exhorted him with a motherly counsel that a good wife would greatly promote his influence and render him more happy. The little man merely shrugged his shoulders, replied nothing, and the poor woman's heart was set at rest.

One day, as he sat opposite to her in the parlor, he quietly turned down the leaf of a book which he had been reading, and said, 'Mrs. Wadham !'

There was something in the tone of his voice, for him, so startling, that her nerves were shocked, her knitting-needle fell out of her hand, and she dropped a stitch.

'Dear me !' she exclaimed, when she had recovered her self-possession, 'Mr. Allison, how suddenly you spoke. How you frightened me !'

'Did I, my dear friend ? I ask your pardon. It is necessary for me to speak to you about a subject which may involve some change of plans.'

The old lady placed her knitting in her lap, and her heart sank within her. She had no apprehension, however, of what he was actually going to say. She had long dreaded that he would be called away to some more promising field of labor ; for she had often made the remark that such devoted piety, such a Christian walk and temper, and such evangelical, heart-searching sermons as he preached, were worthy of those who could appreciate them more and reward them better. It was this contingency which hung over her head, and alarmed her at this present ; for she looked at him in no other light than as a young angel, with a glory around his brow.

'Then you have received a call from a new parish ?' she inquired sadly, while she eyed him somewhat curiously.

'Nothing of the kind, my dear friend, at least not lately ; I am expecting to remain where I am for the present, God willing.'

'Thank God for that !' said the widow, scarcely concealing her emotion ; 'I should be lost in my old age without my dear pastor, whom the LORD preserve, for the sake of His unworthy servant.'

'Mrs. Wadham, you have sometimes hinted upon the subject, and I have, following up your suggestion, decided that if I ever *marry*, it must be done quickly.'

The old lady was thunder-struck.

'My suggestion !' she half-said, but repressed her words, and, striving to appear cheerful, she wished him great joy.

A few moments after, she went into her own chamber and wept. It was the best kind of selfish feeling ; for her household, as at present arranged, was as peaceful and happy as any thing could be this side the grave.

'Ah !' said she, 'this is a world of changes, but the LORD knows what is best for us all.'

The little man, however, did not give any intimation as to who the person was whom he had in view, neither did any report of his intention become current, so well was his character as a bachelor confirmed. But he was gone every Monday, and no one knew where he went. His hostess always used to suppose that his errands were to visit the sick, to give alms to the poor, and to distribute tracts. And no doubt he took these things in his way. She was sure, however, that it must be a godly woman, although she did not know any one within the compass of fifty miles who was worthy to become the wife of so saintly a man. He had, however, said that if he ever married, the event must occur

soon ; and when a whole year passed away and it did not come about, but she still swept his room, and mended his shirts, and ironed his surplice, and nursed him like a child whenever he had a head-ache or a cold, she supposed that he had changed his mind, and she was right. He would have no other bride but the Church. The whole affair was involved in mystery, and neither she nor any one else seemed to know about the only love adventure of our little man. Whatever it was, it must have formed the one incident of his life. Rooted and grounded in a single spot, his life was like that of a tree which is planted and grows up by some calm and crystal water.

At last, when he had scarcely yet attained his prime, while in the mid career of quiet usefulness, the hand of sharp disease was laid upon him, and on a pleasant Sunday morning he breathed his soul away. A deep, strong feeling was evinced at his death, which had not fully revealed itself while he was living. A true affection is always garnered up in reserve, and never spends itself in loud acclaim, or in the outburst of popular favor. A calm and steady purpose in the way of doing good, will work its way into the esteem and love of men without the aid of brilliant parts, and though it courts no praise, it wins each day a secret approbation. The tears which fall at last upon the good man's icy brow all sparkle with a silent eloquence which brings to genuine worth its first and last and best and only tribute. The keen regret which welled from divers hitherto unknown and hidden sources around the grave of our little man, proved what the people thought of him. The germ of good, however furtively it may be cast abroad, will some time be acknowledged for its pleasant bloom, although it spring up by the mountain-rock, or mix its sweets with those which float above the unbounded wilderness. The desk and pulpit of the village church were draped with black, and to those who came within the hallowed courts, there stole back from beyond the grave some fainting echoes of a voice which had been disregarded.

The poor widow mourned for him as for an only son, but with a grief so silent though corroding, that it did not make appeal to human sympathy. When for the last time she crept up the stair-case, and opened the door of the study more quietly than usual, the cold atmosphere of death met her, and struck to her heart. She went to arrange the chamber, and she performed the task with the same scrupulous neatness as ever, while the occupant lay there with sealed lids. She closed the open volumes and placed them upon the shelves. She examined carefully the text of the Holy Book where it had last been perused, (it was the fourteenth chapter of Saint John's Gospel,) then she ventured to lay her hand upon the scattered papers and the half-finished sermon, and as she put them away, let fall upon them a plentiful shower of tears. Then she proceeded to fold up his clothes, and put them in a bureau, and the few valuable things which he possessed placed under lock and key, as if they had been great treasures. After that, she paused a few moments before retiring, and like the widow of Nain, gave vent to her unmingled grief. It was mid-summer. She went into her garden, and returning in a few moments with a handful of flowers, placed them on the breast of her dear, departed friend ; and having

done so, she felt that her ministrations were ended, and that she was left alone on earth.

On the day after the funeral, she was seen bustling about with more than ordinary energy, sweeping the porch, gathering sticks in the yard, clipping a rose-bush with scissors, and the souls of many people were drawn toward her on account of the *stipend which she had lost*. In the afternoon, she sat down alone at her tidy tea-table; she bowed her head and clasped her hands to say a silent grace; she poured out the fragrant tea from the urn, and placed the cup to her lips; she tasted it, and put it down; she raised it again, but could not drink it, any more than if it had been gall and vinegar. A deadly sickness came over her; she went up-stairs and put her own chamber in order. Looking out of the window, she saw a little girl pass by, and beckoned and called out, 'Martha.' Then she lay down to a sleep, which was soon to be merged in that unbroken rest which remains for the people of God. The clods of the valley were again broken up near the new-made grave of him whom she had called her son, and her funeral rites were performed respectfully; but the great world is not disturbed a moment from its complacency when a poor old lonely creature ceases to be.

Not long since, I passed by the spot where her cottage stood, but it was worse than desolate. The march of improvement is too direct and rapid and gigantic in its strides to turn aside for the sake of poetic sentiment, to have respect for buds and flowers, or to tread even lightly on the affections or feelings of the heart. A detachment of men, as if belonging to some army, with a standard-bearer, had passed along, and staked out the passage as they went. Go in a straight and direct line they would, so surely as the compass pointed directly. They turned aside for no obstacles; they hewed their way through rocks, they filled up valleys, spanned rivers, trespassed on old domains, and cut asunder houses, as if no power on earth stood in their way. And now with a great rolling sound like an earthquake, the steam-cars thunder onward, a dusty multitude is borne along each day with headlong haste, and, for a second of time, if they only knew it, are occupying the very spot where once stood the writing-table, and book-shelves, and secluded study of OUR LITTLE MAN.

W O M A N ' S G L O R Y .

One little star in all the sky
Is heralding the coming night;
One tiny gem of silver light
Meets my uplifted eye.

No cloud is hovering near it now,
But lonely on its azure path,
With all the glory that it bath,
It glideth silently and slow.

So, far above earth's stained soil,
Should woman's glory ever beam,
To gild all 'neath its gentle gleam,
Like to an angel's smile.

A P I C T U R E I N A G I L T F R A M E .

A RICH man lives in an up-town square,
 Where houses tall at each other stare;
 Where the dust patrician is never stirred
 By the hurrying feet of the vulgar herd;
 Where organ-players are duly fined,
 Their peers reserving the right to 'grind;'
 Where coaches, blazoned with *gules* and *or*,
 Recall the ancestral — provision-store!
 While belles from within them smile or frown,
 As they spy on the side-walk D'ORSAY BROWN;
 Or, in last year's bonnet and outré gown,
 A country cousin, just come to town:
 Where gas-lit parlors at noon-day shine;
 Where aristocracy woos the Nine;
 Where MILTON is voted 'rather fine,'
 And 'DELLA CRUSCA' held 'divine!'
 Where pigs and paupers are put 'in pound;'
 Where sanitary laws abound;
 And all, from door-plate to plaided beau,
 Is highly polished and *comme il faut*.
 The rich man's house is of granite gray;
 Plate glass, imported, lets in the day;
 Damask, imported, the day excludes
 From its chambers' 'long-drawn' solitudes.
 Stuccoed and carved are its columned halls,
 Frescoed and gilt its lofty walls;
 Paneled with mirrors its sliding doors,
 Rich with mosaics its marble floors.
 The state-room sofas are green and blue,
 Its *fauteuils* brightest of saffron hue;
 And Tyrian curtains, made to order,
 Sweep the Axminster's crimson border;
 For colors strike, and the rich man's eye
 Is pleased with a gay variety.
 There are gorgeous frames in that regal room,
 And mystic groups from within them loom;
 Impalpable, weird, 'neither brute nor human,'
 Nor 'saint nor devil,' nor 'man nor woman;'
 But the rich man knoweth their cost in gold,
 When the 'masters' and he alike were 'sold,'
 And there are vases and bronzes too,
 Graceful trifles and vertu;
 And Chinese cabinets, quaint to view,
 And treasures of buhl and or-molu:
 All picked from RIFFRAFF's 'stock extensive,'
 And all exceedingly expensive!
 A library large doth the rich man boast,
 Where, in rows geometric, a motley host
 Of authors — Latin, and Greek, and Spanish,
 German, Italian, French, and Danish,
 Russian, and Swedish, and Portuguese,
 Sanscrit, Chaldaic, and Chinese —
 Establish his claims to consideration
 As a gleaner of polyglot information.
 And when he, in curious mood doth ask:

'If BYRON or SHAKESPEARE wrote COWPER's 'Task;'
'If the tourist, fresh from classic quarters,
E'er met with the Pontiff's wife and daughters;'
'If leather is cheap at Sadler's Wells,'
Or 'if, as he 'takes it,' the Dardanelles,
To visit whom each traveller hankers,
Are hospitable foreign bankers?'
His friends, diverted, wink, and cry:
'A savant's eccentricity!'
The rich man sits in a costly pew,
With scarlet cushions, fine and new,
And opens a gold-clasped Book of Prayer
With self-depreciating air,
As if to say: 'Good people all,
I suffer, too, from the primal fall!
Though my bank-stocks and consols are cent per cent,
And evicting agents secure my rent,
And my ships go forth on every breeze,
I'm a sinner, as *you* are — pray feel at ease!'
Then how do the many nudge and stare,
And whisper: 'Ah! what a Christian's there!'
But the good have enemies alway,
And envious detractors say
That the rich man lowliest bends the knee
To the god of his Wall-street liturgy;
That never Gheber his fires revered,
Nor Moslem his Prophet's sacred beard,
Nor dark-browed heathen of the Nile
His consecrated crocodile;
Nor Viking his ODIN, terror-fraught,
Nor Hindoo his blood-stained JUGGERNAUT;
Nor city father his soup and salmon,
As he his glittering idol — Mammon!
And scandal adds that the orphan's moan
Ne'er melts to softness that heart of stone;
That the widow wan, in her faded weeds,
In vain for her starving offspring pleads;
That while he basks in the hearth-blaze bright,
He thrusts them forth to the freezing night,
Buttoning his plethoric pocket tight.
But here the pious intercede,
Citing each philanthropic deed,
And grand South-Sea appropriation
For Heathendom's regeneration.
Our rich man is a Coelebs gay,
Eschewing matrimonial sway;
He feels, and self-applauding, smiles,
(For *he* has baffled their artful wiles!)
That the sex, collectively, great and small,
In lowly cottage or mansion tall,
Are scheming, mercenary, all.
A wife, tall, *ton*-ish, prone to dash,
Might adorn *her* station and *his* calèche;
But then she might wantonly waste his cash,
And desert him at last for a dark moustache!
Widows, with scores of fascinations,
Have oftentimes scores of poor relations;
And young, meek maids, so pure and plastic,
Rebound, when wed, like gum-elastic!
That *one*, with brow so purely fair,

'Neath floating tresses of nut-brown hair,
Who sat with him, when the sun was low,
In a rustic door-way, long ago —
He erred when he deemed *her* too mean a mate;
But regrets are idle — 't is now too late.
So lightly he flutters from door to door,
Turns albums, and scrap-books, and 'sketches' o'er,
Sidelong scans, with approving eyes,
Pale blue water and deep-blue skies;
Ruins, with ochre moons to light 'em,
And nondescripts ad infinitum.
That 'sweet thing from Lucia' calls 'so fine,'
Though he does not know it from 'Auld Lang Syne,'
And patiently sits out the battle-pieces,
Though his ear-drum aches when the war-drum ceases.
At ball and *soirée* most polite,
Escorts the belle of the festal night;
Obeys the anxious mother's call,
To wrap close her sweet MATILDA's shawl;
'For the dear girl is really so very slender,
Her form is as frail as her heart is tender.'
Accepts *pensées* wrought by fingers fair,
Purses, and watch-chains, and braids of hair,
(Though ne'er to return the like takes care,
For he fears a 'breach of promise' snare,)
And is smothered in billets-doux and roses,
But never, oh! never once proposes.
And when old age comes creeping slow,
And gout besieges his swathed-up toe,
How will he, friendless, fret and moan,
As he sits in his gorgeous room alone!
His gold may procure him draughts and pills,
Nurses, persuaded that 'kindness kills,'
Doctors, who profit by his ills
With long prescriptions, and longer bills;
But no soft hand, no sweet caress,
To lighten and soothe his loneliness.
How will he lie in the long, long night,
Listening and watching in vague affright
As the wind at his curtained pane comes tapping,
Like some unquiet spirit rapping;
Thinking, the while his heart beats quicker,
That his lamp has a blue unearthly flicker!
How will his forehead with damps be dewed
As the death-watch ticks in the solitude!
As the creaking faint of some distant door
Sounds like a step on the passage floor!
How will he turn on his stately bed,
Vainly adjusting his fevered head,
Tortured with thirst there is naught to slake,
Longing for tardy morn to break;
Which, when it comes, with beam and breeze,
And rosy lines on the dimpling seas,
And smoke-wreaths curling from rustic vales,
And milk-maids poisoning their frothing pails,
And wild-flower scents, and wild birds' singing,
And ploughman's songs, and axe-strokes' ringing,
Brings naught of beauty or joy to him,
As he nurses and curses his aching limb.
And when Nature's debt falls due at last,

And Death, like a bailiff, holds him fast,
 And shuts him up till the day of doom
 In the rayless prison of the tomb,
 None will miss him at board and hearth,
 No memories sadden childhood's mirth;
 But they 'll raise the marble and carve the line,
 And broach 'Poor CRÆSUS!' o'er nuts and wine,
 And wonder who 'll purchase his *eau de vie*,
 And drink to the lucky legatee.

C. W. S.

THOUGHTS OUT-OF-DOORS.

BY NED HAMROD.

BEAUTIFUL, with a surpassing beauty, art thou, Lake C —, encircled in the shaggy arms of that long wilderness which stretches away in primeval luxuriance over hundreds of miles of hill and valley, even to the far shores of blue Ontario. The forests that surround thee are as God made them still. The breeze that stirs thy clear waters carries no taint to the sensitive nostril of the deer upon thy banks. The eagle yet soars above thee with exultant cry, and 'the wild swan spreads his snowy sail' upon thy bosom, even as when the CREATOR first looked upon His work and saw that it was good. The evening and the morning that have visited thee since through the long, long past, have left no trace of their silent passage here. Still falls as in the beginning the luxuriant and ever-changing light upon thy surface, and still echoes the sad music of the wave upon thy shore. Fresh and bright as then, thou tellest no tale of the changes and chances, the life and the death of six thousand years gone by. Thou hast slept peacefully on through all.

But let me not name thy name, virgin lake. Let no whisper go forth of the dwelling-place of thy hidden and unsullied beauty, lest in some sad day of this restless generation thou be delivered over to the horrible lusts of '*summer travel*.' Then shall thy musical name, sole memorial of thine Indian lovers, thine 'early loved and lost,' be posted in handbills, hawked in newspapers, and shouted from the tobacco-reeking mouths of lying runners. 'Hotels' shall arise upon thy borders: cockneys, gents, and tourists, gathering hither like locusts, shall inspect thee with eye-glasses, and insult thee with bad rhymes, and carve their dishonorable names upon thy magnificent trees. Pot-hunters and robin-gunsners shall swarm upon thy banks, and 'complete anglers' paddle in thy waters. Instead of the notes of the eagle and the swan, fled away for ever in despair, shall be heard the twaddle of base men and the chatter of silly women; while fast down the insatiable maw of the whole tribe shall pass all thy beautiful and graceful denizens, snared, pot-hunted, and murdered, in season and out of season — the trout that

leaps in thy waters, the deer that couches by thy moss-covered springs, and the partridge that whirrs and drums in thy primeval woods. Thou shalt become a lost lake, a very *Perdita* among lakes. Be not the first sin upon my conscience.

There could be no more agreeable transition at the close of a long summer's day, than from the rattle of the railway and the jolting of the wagon to the skiff that is to carry us to the head of the lake. The sun is just setting in a flood of light, that throws an almost unearthly radiance over the wild and silent beauty of the wilderness. We have yet seven miles before us, well-nigh a two-hours' row for our sturdy woodsman, albeit he pulls with the strength and grace of a young blood-horse. To row handsomely and well, by the way, is a rare accomplishment, almost as rare as a good bow. And there is a character in that, to the observant eye, which the dancing-master can neither give nor take away. Another still rarer gift possesses our friend — that of silence. Never word speaks he to break the reverie born of this delicious night. And so, reclining in the stern, and steering the boat on her devious pathway through marvellous regions of light and shadow, even as the last rays of the setting sun fade away, and the tremulous light of one star after another falls upon the water, fades away also the memory of the whirl and roar of the busy world behind, and of all those 'cares that infest the day,' before the better thoughts and more sacred feelings that steal upon the soul. We are too old to be sentimental; but there is something soothing and purifying, even to the worst nature, in the beauty and the silence of such a night among the mountains. The heart breathes freer as well as the lungs, and the poor vanities and vexations of life drop into the back-ground, and are for a while forgotten. And 'while we are thus musing the fire kindleth,' and the moon, the round clear, glorious, full moon, comes up from among the hills. 'Shield of an unfallen archangel!' What a radiance it scatters upon tree, rock, and mountain! Seen through the leaves it is like 'glory's morning gate.' And as it rises higher and higher in the heavens, a bridge of light falls across the lake from shore to shore. Can this be the same pale glimmering moon that shines upon the crowded city? Manifestly not. No astronomy can establish such an absurdity. This is the moon of the wilderness; light of the poet and the hunter; the token and the sentinel of the better world beyond.

But the seven miles have drifted away behind us, and the light of the camp-fire is in sight. A merry voice, and a musical withal, floats over the water, and with it, putting all reverie to flight, comes the fragrance of coffee. By the beard of the Prophet! coffee that *is* coffee! Rich, and strong enough to carry you away in imagination across the sea, where, amid mosque and minaret, muezzin is calling the turbaned faithful to prayer. A moment more and we are by the fire before the shanty, in the midst of friends well met; men of mark and pith, gentlemen all, free of that ancient order of nobility fast dying out in this Young American world. But what shall I say of thee, lady, love-star here, whose poet's heart and painter's eye have brought thee hither to find an enjoyment in the solitude of nature which all the flattery and worship of the gayest halls have failed to give? What a charm has

thy high-born courtesy and thorough breeding thrown upon the camp even to the rude huntsmen around the fire! One shall look in vain in many a saloon where gas-light falls upon diamonds for the simple and dignified politeness that pervades this log-cabin in the forest. And not alone in the elegancies of life dost thou excel. That small hand — marvel of slender grace! — can handle the oar, aye, an' by 'r Lady! the Manton if need be, with no common skill, while in the art and mystery of the hunting craft, and the thorough game spirit that belongs to it, thou wouldst put many a carpet-knight to the blush.

Oh! well mightst thou have lived and been
The heroine of song and story,
In those old days when gallant men
Trode by Love's light the path of glory.

Verily, 'God made food and the devil made cooks.' What can surpass the flavor of these venison steaks and fresh trout broiled on the coals by the huntsmen, and undisguised by any of the trickery of the *cuisine*? Fragrant exceedingly, likewise, is the taste of the 'Mumm's Imperial,' and the ancient Port maketh glad the heart. Eat and drink, O dyspeptic! and fear not. There is health in every morsel, and renovation in every drop. And so with many a good tale well told, and good point well put, with rare jest and hearty laugh, steal away the hours. It is late ere, leaving the rude but hospitable board, we seek our hammocks, slung outside among the trees.

Gods! what a night! never made for sleep. His must be a tame heart that can resist the influence of the marvellous beauty that the moon, now high in heaven, has thrown over wilderness and water. There is a new and strange exhilaration in all that reaches the senses. The clearness and freshness of the air, the perfume of the woods, the many musical tones that mingle in Nature's evening hymn. We shall long court slumber in vain, swinging under the moving branches.

And now comes across the lake the long and loud hallo-o-o! the evening salutation of that prince of hearty roysterers, the loon. Hallo-o-o! again. What a voice! clear as the note of a bell, ringing away over the water and through the forest, waking a thousand echoes, and silencing for very shame all the night-walkers of the woods. Exulting, exuberant! even like the famous cock, Beneventano. Gloria in Excelsis! Never despair! Hide thy diminished heads, Grisi and Mario, before the Casta Diva wherewith this fellow saluteth the moon. Loon, thou rejoicest my heart? Such a note anywhere in this work-day world is refreshing. Whence hast thou that wonderful strength and tip-top condition of heart and lung? What panacea, what Indian vegetable elixir dost thou possess? Propound. Certify. Tell us thy '*system*,' thy '*ology*.' Thine must be a merry life. Hast ever a care? Hadst ever the heart-ache, loon? Hast ever 'loved with a love that was more than love,' some bright spirit that recked little for thee? Didst ever play the *un qui aime* to some fair *une qui se laisse aimer* whereof Voltaire discourseth — in all things infidel! Verily there is the soul of heart-whole laughter in the ring of thy reply: 'Not such a loon as that, i' faith. He was a far-away cousin of mine, town-bred.' But,

talking of ladies, allow me, my dear fellow, to suggest that this little chat of ours, though wonderfully pleasant, is doubtless keeping our gentle friend awake. There shall be dullness of bright eyes on our conscience to-morrow. Would a seat a few miles further down the lake suit your convenience as well? Presto! Upon the hint, he is gone. With a bend of his well-set head that would have become the Bayard, he is off across the water, and we shall hear his last good-night presently full six miles away. Good-night to you, old fellow, and joy be with you! Well hast thou illustrated that rare point of courtesy that taught thee, finding thyself *de trop*, to 'stand not upon the order of thy going, but go at once.' May the patent-leather step of the cockney that would harm thee (if he could) be guided by a kind PROVIDENCE elsewhere for ever!

The night is now far spent. The unwonted exhilaration produced by the scene subsides, and sleep, even like the sleep of an infant, comes at last.

L I N E S .

YEARS shall be thine, O man!
 Of life, long years
 For thee shall lengthen out, until life nears
 Its longest span.
 Wealth shall be thine, O man!
 Uncounted gold!
 The sum of every wish, an hundred fold,
 Crown every plan.
 And power and kingly might:
 On bended knee,
 Shall millions of thy fellows bow to thee,
 And hold it right.
 All depths of human lore,
 All man may know
 Of skies above him, or of earth below,
 Thou shalt explore.
 Of love, the dearest dream
 That ever lent
 Possession rapture, in its ravishment,
 For thee shall seem.
 All shall be thine, O man!
 And thou shalt sound,
 Of human joy and woe, all depths profound
 That human can.
 But gold nor kingly power
 For thee shall save;
 Nor love's sweet dream, nor learning, from the grave,
 Of life, one hour.

Awake! imperial form!
 Ere thou art lain,
 With common clay, in common earth again,
 Food for the worm.

Awake! and view thy pall,
Thy grave-yard gear,
The hollow pageantry that mocks thy bier,
And speaks thy fall;
Late seated high on throne
Of royal state,
The elements themselves appeared to wait
On thee alone,
And smiling Fortune all
Her plenty poured.
Of God the chosen, and of man the lord,
Thyself didst call.
Far stretched o'er sea and land,
Thy sceptred sway,
Thy will the law, and death to disobey
Thy least command.
The meanest living thing
Might look with scorn
Upon thee now, of all thine honors shorn.
No more a king,
But lower than the least
That feared thy frown;
And, in creation's scale, descended down
Below the beast.

'Ho! living kings on thrones!'
Not this dead king's,
But the clear voice of human Freedom rings
In clarion tones.
'Ho! kings upon your thrones!
What streams must flow
Of human gore, what heaps on heaps must grow
Of human bones;
What countless thousands slain
Sleep their last sleep;
Strew the red plain, or whiten in the deep,
That ye may reign?
What gallant armies down
Into the grave
Must sink, the pathway to a throne to pave,
Or hold a crown
Upon one kingly head?
Not all the crew
Of shipwreck, famine, pestilence, with you
Can number dead!

'Dead! that in battle shed
Boon, their brave blood,
And fighting fell, like heroes, where they stood.
For you they bled;
Allured by kingly craft,
Whose hateful arts
Called country's sacred name to fire their hearts.
Ye gazed and laughed,
They died to rivet chains
With which ye bind
Your fellows, and establish o'er mankind
Your gloomy reigns.

'Dead! deep in dungeons down,
Condemned to rot,

In solitude and darkness, and for what?
 Thought ye to drown
 The voice of LIBERTY
 With prison walls?
 Loud from her living tomb to HEAVEN she calls.
 The Heavens reply,
 And thunder back your doom,
 And kings grow pale;
 For unseen hands are lifting up the veil
 That hides their tomb.

‘Dead! by the bowl and cord!
 By steel and stake!
 Dead! by all tortures with which tyrants wreak
 Their vengeance; poured
 On each devoted head
 That dares assert
 The rights of man, to raise him from the dirt,
 That he may tread,
 As erst primeval wood
 Free ADAM trod,
 Not bowed and bent, but upright, as his God
 Meant that he should.

‘And nations dead! that live
 As live the brutes,
 Which have no mind, nor human attributes
 That mind can give.
These have, and use *them* not,
 But basely bear
 Their brutish bondage: born such chains to wear,
 They deem their lot
 To be the one ordained
 By Nature’s law.
 These are more free, but these they never saw;
 Nor have they gained
 Of human progress aught.
 The tyrant knows
 Such gain signals his downfall, and he throws
 Fetters on thought;
 And every knowledge-way
 And source of light
 He closes up. The despot loves the night,
 And dreads the day.
 But higher laws are made
 Than he can make:
 He bids the nations sleep: who bids them wake
 Will be obeyed.
 With multitudes is might,
 Not with the few;
 With them the fatal lesson, taught by you,
 That ‘might makes right.’
 And still my day-star burns:
 Hope of the free,
 To tyrants death, to subjects liberty,
 Where’er it turns.’

AN ANTI-PROHIBITION EPIGRAM.

NEAL Dow of Maine's a mighty man,
 He puts down liquor when he can;
 He gets the sogers for to shoot
 Their guns at rum-destroying people,
 And brings all Portland out to boot,
 By ringing fire-bells in the steeple;
 And by the smoke, and balls, and row,
 He shows he is NEAL Dow-de-dow!

C. S. F.

New York, June, 1855.

O N W A T E R .

BY PROFESSOR JAMES J. MAPES, EDITOR OF 'THE WORKING FARMER.'

THIS element might well have been selected by the Divine writers as the emblem of natural truth, pervading all things, embracing all things, receiving and conveying all things, the attorney and actor in all of Nature's laws. The ultimates of water, and water itself, have been the great agents in the earth's configuration and progress. Its constituents are to be seen in every known substance as found by men and animals. No growth, decay, or combustion can proceed without them; no life can continue in their absence; no atmosphere can be respired which does not contain them; and when combined as water they possess new functions, with extended if not universal usefulness.

To the farmer of all others, a full knowledge of the constituents of water, and the part they play in Nature's laboratory, is most important. In their individual character they are known as oxygen and hydrogen, two gases colorless and inodorous. Our atmosphere is largely composed of oxygen. The chief ingredient of plants, carbon, is dissolved in oxygen by the various changes or decay, combustion, etc., forming carbonic acid, and in that form, and that only, can carbon be appropriated by plants, thus forming ninety per cent or more of their dry weight. All the other constituents of plants have oxygen in their composition, for all the elements found in the ashes of plants are oxyds. No plant could exist or form without them, and therefore animal life is due to them, and is sustained by the elements of water as a chief agent of its continuance. All the rocks are oxyds, and therefore all the soils, for they are the debris of the rocks. Hydrogen, the other constituent of water, is scarcely less important than oxygen, and when the two are combined as water, then new functions arise not common to the ultimates in their separate character as such, which are still more recognizable as the mundane agent of God; for like the

coalescence of two thoughts giving birth necessarily to a third, so the coalescence of these two gases forms a fluid, which for all time, and every second of time, is active in the performance of some new duty, giving birth to some new combination from which arise new functions, and thus the whole of Nature's laws in their combination and permutation, work out by the presence of water and its constituent functions, all those realizations which go to establish the results necessary for the happiness of man.

Water is Nature's motor. By it the rocks and soils are moved during floods like feathers in a whirlwind, and thus was the mixing of soils brought about to fit the earth for the use of man. By its means we have an horizon, for none could exist without it.

Water forms, pervades, and cleanses the atmosphere, fertilizes the earth, and furnishes more recognizable means of life to plants, animals, and man.

Trace water through Nature, and see the many functions it performs, which man knows only from observation, and could not know by thought alone, besides the thousands of functions, the *modus operandi* of which is beyond his power to observe, and the thousands of results which neither his observation nor thought can at all conceive; nor could the laws of Nature continue their progressive acts without this new compound.

Who can tell why oxygen and hydrogen combine to form water? Where and when do they combine? When and where is water decomposed? Why is its mean bulk at forty degrees of heat, and why does it swell with uncontrollable force, entirely beyond the strength of any known material to withstand, when you cool it below or heat it above forty degrees?

If it were not for this exception of water, how could the rocks ever have been disintegrated to form soil? If such exception did not exist, why then, as water on the ocean's surface would part with its heat and become ice, or cool below forty degrees, it would sink and give place to warmer particles from below, until in the course of a single day our ocean would become ice. If it were not for this exception to general law, the water pervading each molecule of every plant and animal, would cease to lubricate them, and they would cease to grow; and were it not for the powers of water as a solvent, which powers are not common to its constituents, all progression in change of configuration in vegetable and animal life would cease — the very clouds themselves would pass away, and the earth would become a void.

Water pervades all soils and rocks, and is capable of carrying from particle to particle, without increase of its own bulk, every substance which may be dissolved in it, while others are mechanically received by it without increasing its bulk. Of many of the gases, water will receive several times its own bulk; thus carbonic acid, resulting from the decay of organisms, is received by water and carried to such other parts of progressive nature, as require its sustenance. It receives and gives up such gases without any change of its own composition, leaving its quality as water unabridged. It pervades the hardest rock and every soil. No chemical change can go on without it or its constituents.

The formation of every proximate in nature is assisted by its presence, and no proximate or product used in the arts, remains of value or can retain its figure, quality, or properties, when excluded from the effect of water either as pervading atmosphere or pervading the mass.

The last effort of inert materials before losing their structure, is to part with water; thus decaying paper in its last stages loses its water, becomes brittle, and all the laws governing the cohesion of its particles seem to be suspended when it divides into its ultimates for reappropriation.

Even the hardest minerals owe their qualities to water. Combined with pure charcoal, it forms the hardest known substance, the diamond, which, without its water of crystallization, would be but carbon.

In the atmosphere it exists past the observance of man; for in the driest, hottest day of summer, it is there held in large but not observable quantities. The whole fifty miles of atmosphere is pervaded by it, and cold substances presented to the sun-beam condense and segregate from the atmosphere drops of water, and when thus dilute through all the space in direct contact with the surfaces of the sphere, still has the power of receiving and retaining in its invisible condition, all the exhalations of the earth's surface arising from the decay of men, animals, plants, and food, returning to the earth in the form of rains and dews, and re-depositing these for reappropriation.

The gases vomited forth from the chimneys of our large cities, are all restored for reassimilation by the next falling dew, leaving the atmosphere cleansed for the use of man. From the stomach of the greatest animal to the ultimate of the finest feather, from the roaring cataract to the eye of the most minute insect, all are sustained in being by the functions of water and its ultimates. So general are its properties, that it is called an element. To it is due the color of every flower, and the life of every living thing. In its various forms it composes in part every substance. As clouds it saves us from the scorching sun. During its evaporation and consequent enlargement, it receives and renders latent all excessive heat. It pervades every configuration and cools the fevered lip of the invalid, giving back this very heat in colder localities by being condensed, and thus maintains the equilibrium of nature. In the ocean it receives the cleansing of continents, brings ultimate in contact with ultimate, causing new creations, new life, supplying conditions for their continuance, and in various forms restores again to continents their lost treasures. It is to all nature what the physical heart of man is to his body, carrying with it God's wisdom, active at every pulsation, until all nature in her gladness smiles from its effects.

With these facts before us, we can no longer doubt the necessity of so preparing soils by deep and thorough disintegration, as to present cold surfaces to the atmosphere pervading soils, and thus securing at all times, even during the severest drouth, the presence of water; for while we sleep this great lubricator will perform the most kindly offices for our growing crops. The peculiar refractive powers of water on light, and the part it plays as an assistant to the effects of solar heat, will be treated of in a separate paper.

THE MAGELLANIC CLOUDS.

BY J. SWETT.

I.

Our lone ship points her arms of white
Up to the worlds of starry light,
Which sparkle on the brow of Night.

II.

To Heaven's broad dome I turn my eye,
The Southern Cross suspended high,
Blazes in glory on the sky!

III.

In that grand star-set Cross we trace,
Inwrought upon the depths of space,
An emblem of redeeming grace.

IV.

Where the deep ocean-skies expand,
Stretches the galaxy's bright band,
A silver reef on unknown strand.

V.

The Magellanic Clouds arise,
Mist-islands on the Southern skies,
White cloud-wreaths to the gazing eyes.

VI.

And one dark cloud seems like a door,
An opening through the heaven's bright floor,
Upon the boundless chaos-shore.

VII.

The stars that round its portals stand,
Are watch-towers of that unknown land,
Where circling suns in space expand.

VIII.

Half would the fettered spirit die,
And to yon distant opening fly,
To gaze on heaven with undimmed eye:

IX.

Leaving its prison-house of clay,
It fain would rend the veil away,
To bask in one eternal day.

South-Pacific.

The Two Sisters: or, Love and Pride.

A TRUE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'STORIES OF GENERAL WARREN.'

It was a beautiful spring morning when a happy family might have been seen assembled in the porch of their dwelling, situated on a small peninsula jutting into the ocean. A noble orchard, planted by the hands of its much-respected owner, formed that combination of country and sea-side with which it is so rare to meet. The air was soft, and wafted the sweet perfume of the apple-blossom around the circle at the door, and it seemed as though naught could or ought to disturb the tranquillity of the scene.

'Can it be true, dear mother, that French soldiers are actually coming to take possession of our quiet home?' was the sudden exclamation of a beautiful young girl who formed one of this group, as, shaking back her auburn curls, which clustered round her fair high forehead, she gave a glance at the anxious gaze of her mother, whose eyes were fixed on the broad expanse of ocean which was spread out before her, and on which could be discerned vessels bearing the gay flags of a nation whose emblems they had until now ever beheld with pleasure.

'No, my daughter,' was the gentle but sad reply; 'the French are not coming to take possession of our home, but to be for a time our guests, that they may aid in protecting us from the oppression of those whose first desire and duty should have been to guard those rights which they have recently with so much injustice invaded. We must make every effort that may conduce to the comfort of our foreign friends; and although our domestic happiness may be somewhat disturbed during their residence within our household, yet it will, I trust, be made more permanent for the future.'

The family circle to which we have thus introduced our readers, consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Collins and their two daughters. Margaret, the elder, possessed an almost masculine character, having an uncommon degree of self-reliance, and a power of self-command which was equal to any emergency. In this respect she differed from her sister Adeline, whose abrupt question had just interrupted the silence of the thoughtful party. The latter united with a highly cultivated mind a loveliness of person which greatly surpassed that of her sister.

Her character was of a gentle and reserved nature, resembling the beautiful sensitive plant, which retires within itself at the slightest collision with an unfamiliar object. It is not surprising, then, that she was distressed at the thought that strangers were coming to reside under her immediate roof, especially when those strangers were not only military men but foreigners. Her father, fearing that his house would indeed be no place for delicate females, urged his wife and daughters to

remove into the interior of the State. But they at once refused their consent to any such arrangement, as they felt that all their hospitality was requisite for these generous foreigners, who had left their own happy fire-sides to protect the homes of a distant land. That the facility of intercourse might be made more agreeable between himself and his expected guests, Mr. Collins, although advanced in years, having arrived at the age of three-score, studied, and ere long was enabled to converse with ease in their own language, which was far from being at that time, as it is now in this country, a familiar branch of education.

As the day approached on which the French officers were to take up their abode in this quiet mansion, Adeline was finally persuaded to visit some friends in the beautiful city of Philadelphia. In that city, so celebrated for its hospitality, she was at once thrown into the society of the refined and cultivated, and among them was one who seemed particularly interested in the retiring and gentle manners of Adeline, and in whose affection and kindness she in a short time found almost the fondness of a beloved parent. This was the wife of General Mifflin, so well known as one of the heroes of the Revolution. By his eloquence in animating the militia, and his strenuous exertions in some of the darkest moments of our struggle for liberty, he did much in causing its glorious result.

Situated thus pleasantly, Adeline would have experienced much enjoyment if her mind could have felt at ease with regard to the friends she had left. She, however, gathered from the letters she received that the society of their foreign guests had proved far more agreeable than could have been anticipated. Like true Frenchmen, though earnestly anxious to exert their utmost efforts in the cause they came to support, yet they were never forgetful of the duties of politeness, and endeavored in every way to lighten the burden which they felt their presence must be to those on whom they were quartered.

One little incident occurred soon after Adeline's departure from her home which, although of a private character, gave her many sad reflections ; for in it was a striking development of the marked traits of her sister's character. Edward Mordaunt, the son of a respectable although not wealthy neighboring farmer, had been the constant companion from infancy of Margaret Collins. The games of childhood had changed into pursuits more in accordance with their riper years, and the love for the same studies had thrown them more and more constantly together. Great was the surprise of Margaret's friends, therefore, when it was known that in these troubled times, Edward, who was much beloved for his manly and sterling traits of character, had taken this opportunity to offer his heart and hand to that friend whose slightest wish had ever been considered by him of paramount importance to that of all others, and had been refused. When it was also understood that poor Edward after his disappointment had at once left his home and chosen a life upon the ocean as his profession, grief was added to their astonishment ; for the only reason given by Margaret for this unexpected action on her part was, that her resolution never to be tempted to ally herself with poverty was unalterable. Her sister Adeline knew that, although *pride* had prompted this decision, the struggle must have been severe, and

she earnestly wished that it might have been possible for her to have been at Margaret's side before Edward's abrupt departure. As it was now too late for her mild influence to be exerted to any purpose, her parents were unwilling she should leave so soon those kind friends to whom she had become greatly endeared.

In the delightful reunions assembled weekly in Mrs. Mifflin's drawing-room, Adeline met most of those whose names were daily becoming more celebrated. At times, General Washington himself might be seen entering with his whole heart into the social enjoyments of those around him, whenever his arduous duties permitted such relaxation ; and Mrs. Washington, for whose character was cherished the deepest love and admiration, and in whose society alone was sufficient attraction, constituted one of Mrs. Mifflin's most frequent guests. Amid this brilliant circle, from which Adeline was never permitted to be absent, was one whose fine countenance, polished manners, and the intelligence which beamed from his large black eye, distinguished him from all around him. Attracted by Adeline's grace and beauty, he soon paid her marked attention, and their interest in each other gradually became mutual.

From a deeper knowledge of the mind and character of her new friend, Adeline found that they fully equalled his external appearance. Friendship soon ripened into love, and ere she returned to her home, he had warmly urged her to share his fortunes. Dr. W — was a young man of high standing in his profession, his medical and surgical experience having already acquired him fame.

With mingled emotions of pain and pleasure, Adeline bade adieu to the kind friends with whom she had now been for several months on the closest terms of intimacy, and was soon once more in her much-loved home. She found it somewhat changed ; the sweet blossoms of spring had given place to the rich hues of autumn, and her beloved parents appeared to have grown older than was natural during so short a separation. Anxiety for the fate of their country had indeed imprinted its traces on their brows ; and even her sister Margaret evinced that the struggle she had experienced between love and pride had faded the roses on her cheeks, and given to her character that appearance of restlessness which a mind ill at ease often produces. But their affection for her who had been so long absent was as ardent as ever, and with eager interest did Adeline listen to the narration of the different events which had transpired in the momentous interval during which they had been separated. The tranquillity of this reunited family was not of long duration ; for on the appearance of Dr. W —, it was soon very evident to Adeline's parents that the daughter, of whose society they had been so long deprived, must ere long leave for ever the paternal roof. Dr. W —'s character and talents were universally respected and admired, and he won almost immediately the warm regard of Mr. and Mrs. Collins. Margaret strenuously opposed her sister's union with one who had as little wealth to offer as he whose suit she had herself so recently rejected ; and she vividly depicted to Adeline the life of toil and anxiety which must necessarily be the consequence of such a marriage. But Adeline did not waver ; in her mind such considerations could have no power. Having fully considered the

trials that might await her in the path which she had chosen, she felt no anxiety to be exempted from such clouds as might occasionally obscure its sunshine. She reflected that as the rude winds and storms of the elements strengthen while they bow the noble trees of the forest, so do our minds become strong and vigorous by the trials that we encounter in life's journey. Mr. and Mrs. Collins finally consented that, as soon as peace should be restored to their country, they would resign their beloved one to his guardianship, in whose noble mind and character they now placed the utmost confidence, although a few short months previous he had been a stranger to the hearts of each member of the household. Strange anomaly in human nature! that an affectionate daughter can break, almost without regret, ties which have grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength, and leave those hearts whose every throb is that of affection, to embark on the untried ocean of life with one whose love and constancy she now realizes had never before been fully tested! But so it is ordered, and He who guides our paths in life knows what is best for all. Dr. W ——— took a reluctant leave of his beloved Adeline, and returned to the duties of a profession to which alone he must look for the support of one who had promised to share his fate, whether for weal or woe.

During the ensuing winter, their correspondence was much interrupted; and though the troops were in winter quarters, and nothing of importance took place, yet any regular intercourse, even by letters, was impossible. As spring approached, the troubles which had so long agitated the country appeared approaching a crisis; a separation from the mother country seemed inevitable, and, as a *peaceable* separation could not now be expected, war — a civil war — was the only resort. The French troops were ordered from their winter quarters in Newport, and the mansion of Mr. Collins was relieved of its foreign occupants. The affairs of the country appeared dark and disheartening while the unnatural war was brooding; but the strong faith of those who guided the helm was not shaken, that brighter days were yet to dawn in the future for so just a cause. A few months after hostilities had actually commenced, Dr. W ——— met with a severe loss in the death of an elder brother, who had already attained to high distinction in the army, and the influence of whose virtues and talents, both in private and public life, had been of the greatest value. Renowned as an orator, as well as a commander, his eloquence no heart could withstand, and the whole country long deeply lamented the chasm which had thus been made by the death of this noble patriot.

In a letter written by Dr. W ——— to Adeline, who, during their previous intercourse, had heard but imperfect accounts of the event, he narrates the following particulars, and expresses the deep feelings to which the occasion gave rise:

‘On the morning of the seventeenth June, 1775, while discharging my accustomed duties, an incessant firing awakened my fears, and shortly an immense light was seen somewhere in the vicinity of Boston, and soon I learnt that a severe engagement had taken place between our troops and those of the British, with a great disparity of numbers against us. It was on Breed’s-Hill, since called Bunker-Hill, that the

action took place. Our men conducted themselves with the coolness of veterans and the ardor of men who felt that all they most valued was at stake, and, as you know, though finally forced to retreat from their simple fortifications of brush-wood and rails, yet their resistance was so determined and resolute, that the enemy was taken by surprise, and it is not probable they will ever again affect to despise what they call our 'raw militia.' When I heard the account, I felt confident that my brother must have been in the action, and too soon I learnt that he indeed was present. I flew on the wings of love and fear, and with much difficulty reached the place of action. For several days I wandered about the spot, my mind tossed by the most distracting emotions, until finally my worst fears received their full confirmation. Imagine my feelings when the truth was forced upon my mind that he whom I had regarded in the light of father, friend, and elder brother, whose fervent patriotism had infused courage into so many desponding hearts, had fallen one of the first victims to the scourge which was so rapidly plunging into deep misery our previously happy country. In vain I sought for his body, to bedew it with my tears, but it was not until long after that some British soldiers discovered it, and restored his loved remains to his sorrowing friends. The bereavement is irreparable to our poor widowed mother, from whom has been taken a son on whose arm she has leaned for support since that sad day on which her beloved husband was wrested from her in a still more sudden manner, and the most devoted affection of the sons which now remain to her will scarcely be sufficient to calm her sorrow.'

The state of excitement caused by the death of him whose loss Dr. W—— thus deeply mourned, created a universal feeling that submission to the authority of Great Britain could no longer be sustained. Independence was declared that same year, and every arrangement made to place it on a firm basis.

During the pause which preceded the renewal of the unnatural strife between the mother country and her colony, Dr. W—— urged the parents of Adeline to permit their union to be consummated, and that he might be allowed to take her to his bereaved and sorrowing mother. Margaret had now ceased to oppose a union which she saw was inevitable; indeed she at times entertained a slight feeling of pleasure at the thought of the removal of this cultivated and beautiful sister to such a distance, as no longer to cause in her any feelings of envy at her superior attractions. After a few weeks had elapsed, they were united; and after making a short visit to the mourning mother, which seemed to alleviate for a time the deep grief that had so completely absorbed her heart, Dr. W—— placed his beloved wife in a small house in the city of B——.

Months passed away, and the country was still agitated with war and rumors of war. His duties in the army called Dr. W—— constantly from his home, and it was only by the most strenuous exertions that he was enabled to provide the *comforts* without the *luxuries* of life for her, who had never until now known what it was to need them. At times he was almost discouraged, and the thought of re-

linquishing his profession and striking out some new path would suggest itself to his mind ; but love for his country's good always triumphed over these feelings, and he determined to fulfil his duties toward her as long as she required his services.

Brighter prospects at length dawned upon them. Peace was declared, and society seemed settling into a calm which permitted talents and energy to be known and appreciated, and Dr. W — found his business and his fame rapidly extending.

The brother who had so early fallen in his country's cause, had left four orphan children, two boys and two girls, the mother having died some years previous. Congress felt that some arrangement ought to be made for the maintenance of these children, who had been thus early deprived of a parent's supporting arm. It accordingly voted to defray their expenses until they became of age. Dr. W —, feeling anxious that they should be watched over with parental tenderness, wished his wife to undertake the charge of them, and they were soon placed under her protection. Under such fostering care, eager hopes were entertained that they would prove an honor to the country which had nurtured them, and to the name they bore, which was enshrined in that country's heart. But as the eldest boy was about commencing his collegiate education, a sudden illness snapped the thread of life, and he was summoned to his parents. The constitution of the second son was feeble, and it was thought advisable to send him on a sea-voyage ; but he returned to die in the arms of those friends who had watched over his early years. The daughters, however, were spared to mature age, and in time were married to men of worth and standing, but their children died in youth with a single exception ; and the son of the second daughter remained the only lineal representative of him whose fame time can never dim.

A greater length of time than usual had elapsed since Mrs. W — had heard from her parents, when she received a letter from her sister, which awakened the greatest anxiety for her beloved mother. She at once resolved to leave her young family in the charge of her husband, and taking with her her eldest son, hasten to that parent from whom she had so long been separated. She found her mother much changed. The sight of her child and grand-child for a time reanimated her drooping frame, but soon disease again usurped its dominion, and her failing strength renewed the fears of her family, which were confirmed by the attending physician, who pronounced her to be in a rapid decline. At length it was thought that the great experience and skill of Dr. W — might possibly be enabled to alleviate the sufferings which were at times very great. On his arrival, Dr. W — saw but too soon, that the insidious disease, to which so many of the fairest and most valued of our community fall victims in this changeable climate, had taken deep hold of a constitution which was naturally firm and vigorous ; but he had a faint hope that change of air and scene might retard the progress of the malady. The proposition was therefore at once made to Mrs. Collins, that she should return with Adeline and her husband to their home, where she would have every

care and attention that affection could dictate. She assented without much hesitation ; for although she dreaded the fatigue of the journey, she felt happy at the thought of once more meeting her grand-children, and cheered by the hope that the change might prove beneficial. The journey was therefore undertaken, and by easy stages they reached Dr. W ——'s residence. Surrounded by so many objects of love, Mrs. Collins appeared for a time to improve ; her spirits revived, and she trusted that health might yet return. But the gleam was transient, for after a few short weeks of calm enjoyment, the deceitful malady again displayed its insidious power, and Adeline beheld with deep anguish its rapid advancement. Mr. Collins and Margaret were hastily summoned, and it was soon very evident to the whole family, as they assembled around the suffering couch of the invalid, that all human skill was unavailing. A beam of pleasure illumined the wasted countenance of the almost dying woman, as she extended her transparent hand, and the hectic spot, so sure a token of the worm within, became deeper, when she with difficulty raised her feeble head, to gaze with the intensity of love on those of whom she must so soon take a last farewell. So bright and happy were her hopes with regard to the future, that the sorrowing hearts around her would for a time forget their own sadness, while they listened to the utterance of thoughts which were so full of calmness and beauty. 'We shall all meet hereafter,' she would say ; 'this ardent longing for a reünion could not have been planted within us, were it not to be realized. The curtain is now slowly withdrawing which conceals that world into whose deep mysteries I have so often longed to penetrate ; soon I shall pass behind it, and though it will then close and conceal me for a time from your view, yet it will again open, and we shall, I trust, meet never again to be parted. All beyond that opening seems to you dark and impenetrable, but to my sight it is unfolding a brightness on which my weak and dazzled senses cannot gaze, without fearing that the permission to enter those blessed abodes is almost too great a boon.'

As they were all watching around her in the peaceful twilight of a summer's evening, she suddenly put her hand to her side, a slight shudder passed over her frame, and she faintly exclaimed, 'I am going,' and then once more the beautiful smile, which was so natural to her, overspread her countenance.

Her husband and children bent anxiously forward to catch the last faint whisper, but the curtain had fallen and she was indeed hidden from their sight. We will not attempt to portray the scene which followed this dark moment. The example and words of the departed were too deeply engraven on the hearts of those she had left to permit them long to indulge in the deep grief which such a loss called forth.

Soon the sad preparations were made to take the precious remains to that home which had become now so desolate ; where they were to be deposited in a beautiful orchard, planted by the hands of the bereaved husband, with whom it had been her delight to watch, season after season, the gradual unfolding of each bud and blossom, until the perfect fruit invited them to gather of its rich abundance. But now a

nobler seed was to be laid in that mould, a seed whose fruit was *immortality*. What a beautiful tribute it is to the memory of those we have lost thus to deposit the earthly casket, which once inclosed the brilliant gem, within those loved precincts through which they delighted to wander while living, and where we can feel that they are perhaps still hovering near us!

After the last painful duties were over, Adeline took a reluctant farewell of her sorrowing father and sister, and returned with her husband to her home. The faithful servants, who had been born and brought up in the establishment, assembled around the door as she was departing, and entreated her with all the pathos of their ardent temperament that she would not leave them.

‘O Missee Adeline!’ they exclaimed, ‘oh! do not leave us, Missus gone and now you gone too, what will poor Sambo, and Cato, and Cuffee, and Duarco, and ole Dinah, what will we all do?’

At these words Dinah could no longer restrain herself, but rushed forward and, throwing her arms around her young mistress’ neck, sobbed out:

‘Ole Dinah die if young Missee leave her!’

Adeline with difficulty extricated herself from the affectionate creature’s embraces, and, although much affected herself, endeavored to subdue these overwhelming demonstrations of grief.

‘You will still have your kind old master with you,’ she said, ‘and Miss Margaret also.’

‘Oh! yes, we know that,’ they replied, ‘and we lubole Massa berry much, but Missee Margaret not like Missee Adeline.’

It was useless for Adeline to endeavor to convince them that they would still meet with the same thoughtful kindness to which they had always been accustomed; the poor creatures shook their heads but would not distress their kind mistress by saying more. They watched her until she was out of sight, and then returned with heavy hearts to their accustomed occupations.

Margaret had now the whole charge of the establishment. Her father leaned on her for comfort and support, and she did not shrink from her responsibilities. Hers was a mind that found pleasure in reigning supreme, however limited might be the boundaries of its little kingdom. Her household duties were discharged with dignity, and, if she did not excite the love of those whom she governed, she won their universal respect.

Years passed, and although Mr. Collins ceased not to mourn the loss of his wife, it was with a Christian resignation. With bright hopes and a lofty trust he looked forward to meeting again his beloved companion, and awaited without repining until the time might arrive when his call should come. This trust and these hopes spread a calm serenity over his mind, and enabled him to become once more interested in a degree in his usual avocations. The management of his farm required his constant oversight, and he would often go into the fields and assist in the labors of the hay-makers, who could not but work with double ardor while the mild eye of their revered master was upon them.

Whenever Adeline could leave her numerous cares, she made her

father occasional visits, and sometimes she was enabled to persuade, him to return and pass a few days among his grand-children. These visits, for a time, gave him much pleasure, but after a few years he became more and more unwilling to leave his home, even for a short time. Margaret was never very desirous that her father should make these visits, notwithstanding the great benefit they rendered to his health and spirits. She paid him the most devoted attention, and had no wish to have a rival in his affections. Having now the undisputed control of all his domain — for even the affairs of his farm became less and less the object of his care — she hoped that even his death would not deprive her of any portion of that power which it was her pride to exercise.

Time was now rapidly making its inroads on the old man's mental and bodily energies, and it was painful to perceive his increased unwillingness to make any exertion, until finally it seemed an effort for him to move from the old arm-chair which had for many years been placed at a window commanding a view of the rolling ocean. He loved to sit in this spot, listening to the dashing waves, and to watch one billow succeed another on that beach, upon which he had so often walked with the partner of his joys and sorrows. The scene soothed and tranquillized him, and as he pictured to himself the ocean of eternity, which seemed to roll between him and her whom he had lost, he could not repress the wish that its last wave would come and bear him to that shore to which she, whom he so fondly loved, had long since been borne. As he was sitting one summer's evening in this, his favorite seat, watching the moonbeams playing on the waters, he imagined that the long line of golden light, reflected from its sparkling surface and appearing to extend to a boundless infinity, resembled the bright path by which he should soon be conducted to another world. And oh! how ardently he wished that he might even now tread its windings, and for ever be at home in the mansions beyond! Weary with gazing, and overcome with the thoughts that swelled his bosom, his head sank back on the chair which had so often supported him, and thus he remained until Margaret came to seek him for the purpose of assisting him to his room. She spoke, he did not answer; she took his hand, it fell from her motionless; and, as its icy touch penetrated to her heart, the truth flashed upon her bewildered mind. A piercing shriek called around her the household; medical assistance was summoned, but all aid was unavailing. His wish was answered; he had indeed trod the luminous path over which imagination had wandered; and never more would he need the repose he so earnestly sought on earth.

'The silver cord of life was loosened,' but not until it shone with the gems of another world; 'the pitcher was broken at the fountain,' but the incense it inclosed had ascended to heaven, and diffused around a sweet perfume which lasted long after its frail vessel had perished. 'The bright memorial of the just shall flourish while he sleeps in dust.' Long, long was it enshrined in the hearts of his children, and in the memories of those who knew and appreciated his worth.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By WASHINGTON IRVING. In Three Volumes: Volume First: pp. 504. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM AND COMPANY, Park Place.

ONE could scarcely wish for our most eminent American author a more triumphant 'crowning glory' to a career of the highest literary renown, than that he should become the historian of the 'Saviour of his country,' as he had been before of its great Discoverer. The life of WASHINGTON by WASHINGTON IRVING! The combination will carry with it, and create, a permanent popularity; such as has not been accorded to any other book within the last century; and from this time forward, to the remotest years of our country's history, WASHINGTON and WASHINGTON IRVING will walk down the corridors of Time together. From a work which, before these pages shall pass before the eyes of our readers, will have had perhaps a hundred thousand readers, extracts would be supererogatory, especially after the numerous reviews and quotations which have appeared in the metropolitan daily press. From two among the ablest of these reviews, from the pen of an accomplished critic, Mr. GEORGE RIPLEY, of '*The Tribune*' daily journal, and of Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, we take the subjoined clear synopsis of the volume:

'We cannot but express our satisfaction at the final completion of this work. Its publication will form an important epoch in American literature. The life-long labors of its illustrious author could not have been crowned with a more appropriate termination. His name will henceforth be indissolubly connected with that of WASHINGTON, not only by his baptismal appellation, but by the noble monument which he has reared to his memory. It was a befitting task that the writer who has left such a brilliant impress of his genius on the nascent literature of his country — whose fame is devoutly cherished in the hearts of the American people — held in equally affectionate remembrance in the rude cabins of the frontier, the halls of universities, and the saloons of fashionable life — whose successes in the varied walks of classical composition have done as much to illustrate the character of America in the eye of the world as the eloquence of her senators or her prowess in arms — should create a permanent memorial of WASHINGTON in a style worthy the dignity of the subject and the reputation of the author.

'But in proportion to the magnitude and the fitness of the task was the difficulty

of its execution. With the delicate sensitiveness of Mr. IRVING, it would not have been wonderful had it weighed like a night-mare on his spirit. There is no trace of this, however, in the composition of the work. He approaches the theme with a cheerful energy, almost a gay hilarity, which shows a consciousness of master-ship, as well as his characteristic temperament. A writer of less sanguine hopefulness would have shrunk from the duty of attempting a new portraiture of a character so universally known as that of WASHINGTON. His whole history was as familiar to the American mind as the charter of our liberties, which was the fruit of his labors. Previous explorers, it would seem, had gathered every fact, noted every incident, exhausted every record, in describing his biography. His life, moreover, was so devoted to public ends as to throw into the shade the minute traits of personal character which after all form the magnetic links of sympathy. He lived so habitually in the gaze of the world as to produce a constant sense of responsibility quite incompatible with the freedom of spontaneous action. His character was so uniformly grave, self-sustained, and elevated above common human weaknesses, that it would seem to present few materials for romantic delineation or fascinating biography. But Mr. IRVING has not only bravely faced the difficulties of his subject—he has gathered from them an enduring triumph. He has done well what has never been done before at all. He has presented WASHINGTON as a living personality, not as a political or military automaton. He has laid bare the mighty heart of the hero beneath the buff and blue encasings of the Continental uniform, and enabled us to listen to its audible throbs. Henceforth we shall know more of the man than we ever did before. The name of WASHINGTON will not only be a household word as of old, but will awaken fresh sympathies in every lover of our marvellous humanity.

‘Mr. IRVING introduces his volume with an account of the WASHINGTON family. Although not of exciting interest, it presents several curious antiquarian details. WASHINGTON was of an ancient English stock, the genealogy of which has been traced up to the century immediately succeeding the Norman Conquest. WILLIAM DE HERTEBURN, a follower of WILLIAM the Conqueror, was the progenitor of the WASHINGTONS. The surname of this brave knight was taken from a village which he held by a feudal tenure, and afterward exchanged for the manor and village of Wessyngton. The family changed its surname with its estate, and thenceforward assumed that of DE WESSYNGTON. By degrees, the seignorial sign of *de* disappeared from before the family surname, which also varied from WESSYNGTON to WASSINGTON, WASHINGTON, and finally to WASHINGTON. A parish in the County of Durham bears the name as last written, and in this probably the ancient manor of Wessyngton was situated.’

‘THE task of writing the life of WASHINGTON, whom we once heard a distinguished man of letters in Europe call ‘the greatest man that God ever made,’ could not have been committed to worthier hands. The graceful flow and harmonious coloring of Mr. IRVING’S style, the clearness and picturesqueness of his narrative, his knowledge of the world and of mankind, and his vein of quiet humor, make him the most delightful of biographers. The anecdotes of WASHINGTON’S early life collected by Mr. IRVING are interesting. He had, it seems, the usual weaknesses of youth; he was early in love, and though we are not told whether he was ever carried through the measles and the chicken-pox, it seems certain that he had, like many other great men, a turn of being poetical. The attack, however, was a mild one, and left no permanent traces on his intellectual constitution. The part

taken by WASHINGTON in the wars of the colony of Virginia with the Indians, and afterward with the French, furnishes his biographer with the means of tracing the formation of that habit of coolness in danger, military forecast, and the sagacious choice of expedients which afterward distinguished the part he bore in the great contest between the revolted colonies and the mother country. One of the most interesting — affecting, we had almost said — parts of the narrative is that which introduces the modest hero upon the great stage of the Revolution, not wholly unconscious of his own great powers, yet oppressed with the responsibilities laid upon him, and dreading lest he might not be found equal to them. Mr. IRVING has skillfully brought out the high qualities of his character as shown at this stage of his life. Near the close of the volume, the first scene of the war — the battle of Bunker-Hill — is portrayed with vivid distinctness and minuteness.

A portrait of WASHINGTON is given in this volume, engraved from an original picture by WESTMULLER, a Danish or Swedish artist, who painted it from life in 1795. The second volume will contain an engraving of PEALE'S celebrated portrait, and the third an engraving of HOUDEON'S full-length statue of WASHINGTON, now in the Capitol at Richmond. The paper and typography of the volume are superb. The present is the large edition. Another, of a smaller page, is in the hands of the printers, for the use of schools. We almost envy the little boys and girls who will derive their first connected knowledge of the career of the 'Father of his Country' from *this* 'Life of WASHINGTON.'

PEEPS FROM A BELFREY: OR THE PARISH SKETCH-BOOK, By F. W. SHELTON, Author of 'The Rector of St. Bardolph's,' 'Salander and the Dragon,' 'Crystalline,' etc. (Second Notice.) New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

NOTWITHSTANDING our extended notice, in the last KNICKERBOCKER, of the advance-sheets of this work, we find it impossible to resist the inclination again to counsel our readers, one and all, to compass its perusal entire, being well assured that each and every one of them will confirm and justify our judgment 'in the premises.' We make two more selections from its pages, which carry their own praise with them. The first is from 'The Model Parish,' and is a charming limning of a charming character:

'HERBERT was the auspicious name of the gentle Rector of St. JOHN the Evangelist's. He had caught in some degree the spirit of his namesake who wrote the 'Country Parson,' and it would task the genial heart and mellow diction of another WALTON to describe the portion of a life which scarcely yet approached its prime. Upon the threshold of an acquaintance you felt already as one who stands beneath a blossom-covered porch, and longs to see the portals opened, and to gain admittance to the pleasant chambers which are within. His open, candid look, his beaming eyes and cheerful countenance, comblended with a dignity which never stepped beyond the proper bounds; the earnest way in which he talked on common things like common men; a sympathy and human feeling with the outer world, all stood in well-marked contrast with the fixed, and stiff, and starched, and formal cast of countenance impressed with dogma, and cast within the settled mould of theologic system. An atrabilious, melancholy look is by no means the best means to denote that 'wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness.' His countenance was always happy, which was a pretty sure index that his theology was right, and that while he thought upon the justice, he had not clean put the mercy and goodness of God from before his eyes. That a parson should be a bugbear is sometimes due to a formal and forbidding air, to a cold and averted

glance which he gives at the wicked world, instead of looking it plump in the face—to a formality more decided than can be conveyed by the cut of the garments, or what is more unpleasant still, to a sleek smoothness of the visage, as if anointed with the emollient oil of sanctity from the Pharisee's own cruet. In many cases prepossession is unfounded, and when the chill has subsided, and the first horror is done away, the clergy as a class will be found to be, what their education, predilections, and noble calling ought to make them, the most agreeable and companionable people in the world. It does not follow that if a stiff-necked man who wears a white cravat looks solemn, he must be a hypocrite; that the children must run away when he puts his hand to the knocker, that the novel must be thrust into the folds of a religious newspaper, and the vestiges of the card-table swept into a drawer, and that he must be welcomed with a prepared and steady look, as if he came to talk expressly about the affairs of the soul! He will do so by his unblemished conduct upon a Monday morning, as much as by his direct and earnest preaching on the Sunday. A little reflection will show that other causes than that of rigorous dogma may sometimes cast his face into the mould of melancholy—that not peculiar Faith, but a peculiar want of it, may make him over-anxious about the temporal wants of to-day—that he has divers troubles, and does not find the cup of poverty to be sweet. Sometimes his debts hang over his head, and they are of such a kind that he can only wish that they were paid, but can hardly pray that they may be forgiven; or his feeling have been hurt, his relations have been disturbed, and the Williwilows threaten to leave the parish. Sometimes, but not always, the creed lengthens the face of the man.'

Remark, if you please, the pathos, the tender, heartfelt feeling, which pervades the subjoined extract from a short chapter, entitled, '*The Child's Funeral*.' Many a bereaved parent's heart will melt at its simple picture of a sorrow that is like no other sorrow:

'A CHILD fills up a large space in a human heart, however much it may be preoccupied by cares, or given up to worldliness. It is by absence often and not by presence, by the want and not by the possession, that the value of an object is made known. You enter into some house replete with the adjuncts of worldly comfort, the snug chambers all deftly furnished, the walls hung with pleasant pictures, something on all hands to charm the sense, and steal into the heart with genial influences. You go there a second time and every thing has been removed. Forlorn and dismantled, it has no tenant, the niches are unoccupied, the hangings have been taken down, no more the gardener trains the honeyed vines about the porch. Balclutha!—Balclutha!—A damp and a chilliness strike to the heart. So is every home from which a child has been removed by death. There is a painful sense of vacancy. How do the hands hang listless which used to be employed in momentary offices! The eye misses its accustomed sights, and the ear its sounds, and the heart every thing, for a child engrosses all. In his electric vivacity he flits everywhere within his narrow bounds, and needs a darting eye and hurried feet to snatch him from instant peril. He is a diligent student of the geography of his realm, and is familiar with all its places. He is in the chambers, in the kitchen, in the garret, in the pantry, on the stair-case, on the porch, in the garden, by the water-tank, on the edge of the precipice, if there be any, or on the brink of the stream, clambering over high places, courting all dangers, and fearing none. His voice is an all-pervading melody whose echoes come back from every nook with a ringing and hilarious welcome to a parent's ears. But when at break of day, at what time the birds flap their wings and sing their matins, no more when he used to nestle in his mother's bosom shall be heard his morning salutation, the first and sweet articulate attempts at speech, and when with every set of sun those oft-repeated still-reluctant partings can be known no more, the morning is bereft of its refreshing cheerfulness, and the night draws on with added gloom.'

'His place is vacant at the household board. That purest, simplest imitation of a HEAVENLY FATHER, the giving to a child its daily bread, that almost sacramental right in homely sanctuaries, which breaks the crumbs to craving little ones, and answers their appeals, wakes up no more the blended train of human sympathies, and lets the embers on the altar of the heart wax cold. Yes, dreary is the home which first misses those mutual interchanges that knit together all the happy family, and melt like holy elements into the religion of the soul. But more than all its winning ways, and temporal beauty, the parents mourn the bright example of the child. From those tender eyes spoke forth a love which the world knows not, and suspecting no disguise. There was exhibited a humility which considered no playmate too humble to be a compeer, and invited the beggar to be a guest. There faith essential worked its little miracles, and made the mountains move. That undissembled love, which wound itself just like the clasping tendril of the vine around its objects, that humbleness with buoyant and angelic wings which soared toward heaven, that faith so real, and beautiful, the very sub-

stance of the things unseen, are almost buried with the nature of the child. They scarce survive the age of manhood, when Reason lights her fickle lamp, and leads the steps astray. Of all things else we miss that loveliest of infantile graces, that guileless confidence, which soon alas! experience will change to sad mistrust. Dead is the ear which will then listen to the story of a giant, though you should tell of one who burst the bars of the sepulchre asunder, and trampled Death and Hell beneath his feet. The eyes which glistened with delight, and drank in pictures of a fairy land, can see no heaven through the misty veil, and they who revelled in ALADDIN'S groves, whose limbs were laden down with sparkling jewelry, refuse to glance at all the amaranthine bloom and beauty where eternal summer reigns.

Aside from those portions of the work to which we have already alluded, or from which we have quoted, we would call especial attention to the affecting sketch, '*The Heart of Adamant*,' and the quaint, old-style story of '*Ye Two Neighbours*,' both perfect gems after their kind.

SANDERS' YOUNG LADIES' READER: Embracing a comprehensive course of instruction in the principles of Rhetorical Reading; with a choice collection of Exercises in Reading, both in Prose and Poetry. For the use of the Higher Female Seminaries, and also the Higher Classes in Female Schools generally. By CHARLES W. SANDERS, A.M., Author of 'A Series of School Readers,' 'Speller, Definer, and Analyzer,' 'Elocutionary Chart,' 'Young Choir,' 'Young Vocalist,' etc. New-York: IVISON AND PHINNEY.

WHAT wonderful changes have been wrought in school-books within the last quarter of a century! Who has forgotten the miserable little things, composed of poor print, poor paper, and no binding at all, that just for a sort of stereotyped joke, they called books? Take up any old reader or grammar — old enough to have such an inscription as this on the fly-leaf:

'To Boggs: His Book.

'STEAL not this book, my honest friend,
For fear the *gallus* will be your end,'

and see if our description is not correct. Look at the illustrations in the old spelling-books, and tell us if you think a man with the toothache would be likely to *dream* any thing much worse.

True, the arts of printing and paper-making have been much improved, but there has been a more remarkable change still. Men have begun to think, and to *act* upon the thought, that the young are entitled to the best works of the book-making fraternity, from author to engraver; and so they are; and where, we should like to know, should their skill be brought more fully into requisition than in the production of school-books, rendering these *vade mecums* of school-days as beautiful and attractive as possible.

The volume before us is a perfect work of the new and enlightened doctrine; and it is the highest pleasure to read such clear impressions upon such fair white paper. The pages are of a good liberal size, the binding neat and substantial, and the character of the selections most admirable. In the old husky dissertations, there was no more danger of the pupils comprehending either the language or thought, than there was of their being taken up to heaven in a water-spout. Here we have something varied, something

useful, something pure, something that will elevate them, but not out of the very shoes they stand in, as was the case aforetime. We commend this Reader to the attention of young ladies, for whom it was especially prepared, and who may consider themselves complimented by this tribute paid to their innate love of the beautiful.

HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE: in SUBURB AND COUNTRY: The Villa, the Mansion, and the Cottage: Adapted to American Climate and Wants. With Examples, showing how to Alter and Remodel Old Buildings. In a series of One Hundred Original Designs. By GERVASE WHEELER, Architect, Author of 'Rural Homes,' etc. In one volume: pp. 443. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

IN our judgment, this work will supply an important desideratum. In truth, just such a work was needed, at a time when there is a growing taste for that mingled beauty and utility in the construction of American dwellings, which has not been too common heretofore in this country. 'In the attempt,' says Mr. WHEELER in his 'preface' that the following pages indicate, I have endeavored steadily to keep in view the fact that *Homes* are needed, and that the urgency of the want must not be met by the offering of whimsical and unreal fancies, suited neither to habitancy nor durability, and yet although honestly of opinion that any one design selected can be made exactly what it claims to be — a good common-sense house for a man to live in, replete with conveniences and domestic comforts — all have been cast in forms of simple beauty, and the laws of architectural propriety have been respected.' After a thorough examination of the work before us, we can bear testimony to the justice of this assumption. Throughout the work, constant reference is made to certain well-known principles of design upon which material beauty depends. These are interspersed with illustrations, in preference to occupying a position where they may be read as a collected whole, the writer very correctly inferring, that a 'general reader cares little for essays, and would be apt to turn only to the 'pictures,' and so perhaps leave unread what is claimed to be of at least equal value.' The contents of the book consist of a short description of the peculiarities of those architectural styles of past ages which are of practical use in domestic buildings now, and a series of carefully-digested plans of residences, adapted to every want of home-seekers, from the country mansion to the simplest cottage. Many of these designs are in the best possible taste. The 'Villa Mansion,' which fronts the title-page, would be our beau-ideal of a princely country residence. We quote a few remarks in relation to country mansions, which will commend themselves to the reader's good sense:

'He that builds a country mansion should remember that he takes upon himself a responsibility. He not only is about to erect a house that he may enjoy with his family, and which he may not unreasonably hope his children will be able to maintain after his death; but he is about to do what may for years affect the taste of the rustic community that will naturally take their tone from him. Common-sense would lead him to require a house neither too costly nor too large; and a consideration that the wealth he has reaped was only given him for a proper bestowal, should urge him to be careful that he erects what shall be a lesson in art to his neighbors. The retired merchant

from the busy city, is apt to have all his proceedings watched, and it is not unnatural for those who know that his wealth has been gained by shrewdness of judgment in business matters, to suppose that the same maturity of thinking will be developed in his house and all his country undertakings — so that he will be sure to find plenty of imitators who will modestly believe that in following his example they can scarcely err.

‘Therefore I say, a man building a country mansion has, if he rightly views it, grave responsibility, and his act may retard or advance the progress of truthful influences in art more than he may perhaps at first thought admit.

‘A well-designed and truthful building in a country place is a perpetual lesson, and the wealthy man that erects one does a good to the community that books and teaching cannot equal. Whilst the erection of such a building is a benefit, the construction of one in bad taste is an injury, and it may take a generation to obliterate its effects; in this untrammelled country, it seems to me a man has no right, however widely he may own the land that surrounds it, to rear an unsightly building to mar the common enjoyment of a beautiful landscape.’

‘Life in the great world has enlarged the ideas, and made liberal the feelings of the home-founder — refinements of the city, and improvements of travel, have made him careful, not only for the country life he is to lead, but for the comforts of the town manners he has left. If of literary tastes, his library will be a favorite feature in the plan he contemplates, and his leisure hours for its enjoyment more accurately defined, and less interrupted than in the busy city. If fond of social life, and the gathering together of friendly faces about him, the cheerful parlors and many bed-rooms of his hospitable mansion are thought of first. Or his travel or his natural tastes may have led to the gradual accumulation of paintings and other works of art, which, when gathered together, perhaps assume a bulk so large as to render a room for their proper bestowal necessary. In almost every such house that I have been called upon to design, the provision of some such room has been thought of; and either the halls have been made large, or the various rooms have contributed wall and table space for the reception of such matters, or a separate room has been incorporated in the plan.’

We should remark of the execution of this volume, both in its numerous engravings and its typography, that it is in all respects creditable to the popular house whence it proceeds.

STAR PAPERS: OR EXPERIENCES OF ART AND NATURE. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. In one volume: pp. 359. New-York: J. C. DERBY, Nassau-street.

ONE of the most attractive features, for a long time past, in the columns of ‘*The Independent*’ weekly religious, semi-literary, and semi-secular journal, has been the ‘bright particular’ *star* which indicated the especial contributions of Mr. HENRY WARD BEECHER, one of the editors, also, in a less distinctive way, if we are rightly informed. These ‘*Star Papers*’ are here collected in a handsome volume, and they will be cordially welcomed, in this form, by very many readers who ‘would n’t touch with a pair of tongs’ his occasional sermons and eloquent discourses upon certain irregular and morbidly-exciting topics of the day. We shall hope to have something to say hereafter, and soon, touching portions of this volume, which we have read with the greatest pleasure; so natural and simple are they — so far removed from any thing like a pumped-up feeling, or extemporized enthusiasm. *Ad interim*, we indorse every word of the following from an able contemporary: ‘The author comes forward as a man of contemplation and sentiment. He displays an equal passion for nature and love of art. His pages finely alternate between humor, pathos, and æsthetic discussion. Flashes of fun suddenly gleam out from exquisite descriptions of rural scenery or passages

of pensive reflection. An air of absolute reality pervades the volume. This, perhaps, is its most remarkable distinction. The author is perfectly at home with Nature, and takes no knowledge of her second-hand. He not only looks at nature with his own eyes, but looks minutely, fondly, reverently, and hence his sketches have a matter-of-fact character, blended with purely ideal associations, which is not common with many would-be descriptive writers. Indeed several of his word-pictures have the effect of a good landscape-painting, presenting the enchantment of an actual scene, though without the aid of color or perspective.' Pending a notice which shall do more elaborate justice to the volume before us, we cannot help even now calling the reader's attention to the '*Experiences of Nature*,' and 'thereabout especially' of them, wherein the writer speaks of 'Death in the Country,' 'Snow-Storm Travelling,' 'New-England Grave-Yards,' and 'Trouting.' A 'lunch' from these will impart 'the appetite of an anaconda' for the book in its entirety. We subjoin the preface of the work, which succinctly indicates the character of its contents :

'THE author has been saved the trouble of searching for a title to his book from the simple circumstance that the articles of which the work is made up appeared in the columns of the '*New-York Independent*' with the signature of a STAR, and, having been familiarly called the 'Star Articles,' by way of designation, they now become, in a book form, 'STAR PAPERS.'

'Only such papers as related to Art and to rural affairs have been published in this volume. It was thought best to put all controversial articles in another and subsequent volume.

'The 'Letters from Europe' were written to home-friends, during a visit of only four weeks—a period too short to allow the subsidence of that enthusiasm which every person must needs experience who, for the first time, stands in the historic places of the Old World. An attempt to exclude from these letters any excess of personal feeling, to reduce them to a more moderate tone, to correct their judgments, or to extract from them the fiery particles of enthusiasm, would have taken away their very life.

'The other papers in this volume, for the most part, were written from the solitudes of the country, during the vacations of three summers. I can express no kinder wish for those who may read them, than that they may be one half as happy in the reading as I have been in the scenes which gave them birth.'

THE VIRGINIA MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL. Four Numbers: Richmond, Virginia.

THE perusal of this medical monthly has afforded us much satisfaction and pleasure. A medical journal, so entirely devoted to the interests of the profession, should be possessed by every medical practitioner; and as most of the advancement and finding out of things new in the profession—medicine and surgery—are given to the world by works of this kind, they are not to be dispensed with *by* the profession. That it has merit, none will deny: in fact we think it will compare, or not suffer by comparison, with any work of the kind published in the United States. Article Second, Number Nineteen, on the 'Pathology and Treatment' of one of the most terrible diseases to which human flesh is heir, should be read by every practising physician. We would ask of our medical readers a faithful perusal of the article above specified.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

LEAVES FROM OUR 'CAMP-COMFORT' AND GREEN-MOUNTAIN CORRESPONDENT. — OUR readers will be glad to hear again from our fair correspondent, 'J. K. L.' Her letters arrived too late for insertion in our last number :

'Most sincerely do I wish, my dear Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, that I had a talent for description, (or any description of talent,) for there are so many things I should like to tell you about, if I could only do it decently. In the first place, there are the pretty pictures which JACK FROST paints on my window-panes every night, and which I lie in bed and admire in the morning, when I ought to be up and dressing for breakfast. When it is very cold, they stay there all day, in spite of warm fires within, and warm sunshine without, and afford me amusement for many an idle moment, and foundation for a thousand vague speculations and wild fancies. Oh! he's a capital painter that JACK FROST, there's such a delicacy and finish, and so much freshness about his style, and so much imagination about his pictures! One pane represents a quiet little hamlet, pretty cottages snuggled in among the mountains, a church-spire, evergreens, a flock of sheep, and a peasant reclining in the foreground. Another seems to be an ancient castle, with banners waving from the battlements, a train of knights and men-at-arms issuing from the postern; the artist has evidently bestowed great pains on their plumes and armor. Dear me! it was all so natural and life-like that I fancied I heard the sound of their clarions this morning; but it turned out to be only the breakfast-bell! Another appears to be a mountain-torrent, sweeping bridges and mill-dams and every thing else before it. A fourth is a ship under full sail; while others seem to be 'very much mixed up,' like the story of our friend DOESTICKS' visit to Niagara Falls! Well, as I said before, I am a great admirer of JACK FROST's talents, so long as he confines himself to night-work upon my window-panes; but I do not like to have him try his skill on my physiognomy, for none of his efforts have yet succeeded in improving the original, poor as it may be, though it does not seem to proceed from any *want of penetration* on his part; yet he certainly has an erroneous idea of coloring that is quite distressing, leaving lines of green and blue round the mouth, and a purpleish tinge under the eyes, while the nose he invariably decks with a brilliant shade of vermilion, which is particularly annoying to one who, like myself, is decidedly proud of that feature. In short, he imparts to the whole face the effect of a stationary kaleidoscope!

'As soon as the frosty curtains are removed from my windows, I have a view of the mountains of my native State, the dear old Adirondacks, and a glorious sight it is! There they tower, peak after peak, till their summits reach the clouds, and every hour in the day they seem to assume a different aspect. Sometimes they are of the deepest blue, while their tops are capped with snow, and look like the foam-crested waves of the mighty ocean! In other lights, they are all pure white, and then again, as the sunlight lingers lovingly upon them, they seem to *blush* beneath his ardent gaze; for so delicate is the tint they assume, that I can compare it to naught save the hue of a rose-leaf, or the eloquent flush of a maiden's cheek. Again they gather a golden tint, and look like waving fields of ripened corn, as they stand revealed against the clear, blue sky. Between us and them lies Lake Champlain, now bound in icy chains, and 'telling no tale' of the mighty pickerel that lie beneath its frozen surface; but I know that they are there, that is, if I did n't fish them all out last summer! On the other side of us rise the Green Mountains, each tree and shrub covered with hoar-frost, standing white and cold, and looking like the *ghost of its summer self*. So they are any thing but green mountains now, or if they are, it's an *invisible green*!

'With such beautiful sights to tempt one, you will not wonder that I am out of doors every day, in spite of the cold weather. One of my favorite walks is to the falls of the Otter Creek, and for me they possess more fascination, as they rush impetuously over the ice-bound cliffs, than when surrounded by the profusion of verdure with which midsummer decks them. The rocks on all sides are covered with ice-beads and frozen spray, which reflect back the sun-light, and glitter like diamonds: in some places it looks as soft and white as swan's-down, and in others, it hangs like bunches of ostrich-plumes, as full and rich as any that ever graced the head of a court lady; and then again it is drawn out into long transparent threads, that form a sparkling net-work over the rocks. On a bright day, the spray-drops dance and glisten in the sun-shine, forming the most beautiful little fairy rainbow that ever a mortal's eye beheld, while the glowing colors reflected on the glittering ice with dazzling brilliancy, make it indeed a scene of enchantment! When it reaches the depths below, the little stream winds on its way, quietly and submissively, without even a *murmur*; but I fancy that it must exult when it thinks of spring freshets, and how it will burst the bonds with which the tyrannical frost-king has bound it, and leap laughingly away, rejoicing in its new-found liberty, and carrying off a few mill-dams, saw-mills, and bridges, by way of a frolic!

'Our little village has been in the greatest state of confusion for the last few days. Such a concourse of people! Lawyers and lawyers' clerks, judges, jurymen, and witnesses, they poured upon our devoted town like a swarm of locusts! Why, I have n't been able to draw a quiet breath since their arrival; the whole town is full of them. One can't cross the street without encountering half-a-dozen, and on every corner may be seen a knot of black-coated individuals, shaking their heads and trying to look wise. Then such a cause as they have got, and how much they know about it; I verily believe half of them are not sure whether they are engaged for the plaintiff or defendant. I for one shall rejoice when they take their departure, and allow our little town to return to its habitual quiet state.

'Do you know that I have serious reasons to apprehend that I am quite out of the good graces of my old Quaker beau, from whom I coaxed the compliment? The other evening, I was his partner in a game of whist, and thinking of something else instead of paying attention to the game, I made a very stupid play, when he started forward, pushed the card toward me, and exclaimed: 'What in *Cain* did you play that for?'

'A universal burst of laughter followed this explosion, and the cards got into some confusion, and I was accused of having intentionally occasioned it, to get rid of a very poor hand. The old gentleman looked at me very disdainfully, and then in his most staid accents drawled out: 'Well, if this isn't one of the curiosest fix-ups ever I did see!' After that, he took up his cards and played in perfect silence the rest of the evening, and he has not even smiled on me since! An amusing little affair occurred here the other day, which I can't resist the temptation of telling you, even at the risk of being called a village gossip. It seems that one of the young men of this place had written offensive letters to several individuals, and signed the initials of another young man, who, having discovered the offender, took an opportunity to horse-whip him publicly, and to the prayers of the victim and the entreaties of the by-standers, his only reply was, as he continued to lay on the lashes: 'I'll teach him to write *synonymous notes*, and sign another man's name to them!'

'I went the other afternoon to visit an old lady nearly ninety years old. She is grandmother to one-half the town, and auntie to the other half, but notwithstanding her advanced age, she retains her eye-sight and hearing perfectly, and her conversation is a droll mixture of the shrewdness of experience and the simplicity of childhood. When I entered, I found her seated in her rocking-chair, with her feet upon a little foot-stool, with an open book upon her knee, looking the very picture of comfort and content. She gave me an affectionate greeting, and seating myself near her, I opened my budget of village news; for the old lady takes the keenest interest in all that goes on in the neighborhood. I told her what young man had escorted certain young ladies to singing-school, and what remarks had been made about it, and which young ladies attracted the most attention at the last tea-party, who the handsome colonel was most devoted to, who the pretty widow smiled most sweetly on, and what was said of the stylish Mrs. —.

'The old lady listened attentively, and then quietly remarked: 'Well, things are just the same as they used to be when I was a girl. If a woman be pretty, witty, and talented, she is pretty sure of the admiration of the men, and the hatred and envy of the majority of her own sex; for it is only superior minds that can bear superiority in others.'

'She then went on to speak of other matters, and finally referring to the book upon her knee, she said that she had been much interested by its perusal, and that as she knew me to be very fond of reading, she would be glad to lend it to me. I took up the little pamphlet and found it to be 'The Illustrated Family Almanac.' With the most serious face in the world, I thanked the dear old lady for her kindness, and in a few moments took my leave; but just as I reached the door, she cried out: 'Come back, dear child, and get your book; you came very near leaving it, didn't you?'

'I took the book from her hand and brought it home in safety, so I shall no longer be obliged to scribble letters to you, by way of amusement; for when I get dull, and time hangs heavy on my hands, I can read the Almanac. Adieu.—Yours truly,

J. K. L.'

'How do you suppose that I have spent the last half-hour, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER? Well, I sha n't stop for you to reply; for with all your masculine vanity, you would never be able to guess. I have been looking at your likeness! Now do n't shrug your shoulders and try to look so supremely indifferent; you feel flattered; I know you do; and well you may, for there's many a man between this and the ocean

would give every thing else but his cherished moustache to have me gaze at his 'pictured self' for half-an-hour.

'And now, lest I should kindle an extra spark of vanity in your breast, I will just explain to you how it happened that I wasted so much valuable time in such a useless manner. You must know that I had read last month's Magazine through and through, from cover to cover, and being rather in want of reading matter, I was about commencing a second time, when, as I tell you, I found on the outside 'food for thought,' which prevented my going any further. I like that picture much. How cozy and comfortable you do look there in your high-backed chair, and how I should like to rumage in that old chest! I see now where you get all the good things from that you put in your Magazine, (all except those *I* write for it!) how I should like to overhaul them for you! And then that pile of books on the floor does look so deliciously careless and literary! I'll be bound that it worries your wife's life half out, and that BETTY the chamber-maid is dying to dust them, 'and set them to rights a bit,' but I admire the *firmness of character* which has enabled you to keep them in just such confusion for the last ten years, in spite of wife and chamber-maid: it shows the good old Dutch blood, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, and I honor Dutch blood, as in duty bound, seeing that it flows in these veins, pure and undefiled. That pipe too is decidedly Dutch, and my 'heart warms to it.' My dear old grandfather used to smoke just such a pipe, only not quite so long, and he left me an extra share in his will on account of my partiality to tobacco-smoke. Some people's eyes always fill with tears when exposed to tobacco-smoke; I wonder if they are thinking of their dear grandfathers?

'There is but one thing in the picture I object to — one thing that I fear and hate. Now do n't be frightened, for it is n't *you*. O dear! no; I'm not afraid of a man! and it's neither pen, ink, nor paper; for as you know to your sorrow, I am only too fond of those, but it is that animal, that *cat*! How can you have her there! Upon my word, I never will set my foot in your sanctum till you drive her out. Why, it makes my flesh creep and my blood run cold just to write about her, and I would not enter a room with one of those creatures in it for the wealth of the Indies. I spend all my pocket-money in paying small boys to rid the place of them. I believe they are necessary appendages of an old maid. Upon my word, I'd rather have a husband; so drive her out, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, if you hope to retain my friendship. And now, having spent half-an-hour looking at your picture, and another half-hour telling you about it, I may as well devote the next to you also, and let you know how I am getting on in my mountain-home. We had a glorious snow-storm yesterday — one of those real old-fashioned kind *we* used to have when I was a child. The large, white, feathery flakes came down thick and fast, and lodged on the house-tops and hedges, and gradually caused the fences to disappear, and covered the meadows and mountains with a pure white mantle.

'I did nothing all day but watch the falling snow, and my spirits seemed to rise higher and higher as the pretty white flakes danced merrily in the air. What can be pleasanter than such a storm when we may sit quietly at home and enjoy it in the company of those who are nearest and dearest — to turn from the beating storm without to the warm hearts and happy faces within? This little village ought to sit for its picture: it would make a most beautiful 'snow-scene' to-day.

'Oh! I had *such* a sleigh-ride last night, by moon-light, with the thermometer below zero! Now do n't roll up your eyes and shudder, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, and say that I have forfeited all claims to be called a sensible woman. You know

nothing at all about it; but just listen to me while I give you my experience, and see if you do n't acknowledge that you would like to follow my example. It was just after tea, last evening, that my mother sat in her easy-chair, knitting a little stocking for the little foot of one of her innumerable little grand-children. Sister sat by the table with her work-box before her, and her pretty little fingers busily employed upon some delicate piece of feminine industry, while I was loling on the sofa, with my attention divided between a spider that was crawling on the lamp-shade and my industrious sister, and I was wondering what fun she could possibly find in striking that little piece of steel through and through that piece of cambric, and heartily wishing that sewing had never been invented, but that we were all like birds, and furnished by nature with suitable covering; for then I should have no gloves to mend, and stockings to darn, and be called lazy, because I always postponed it till the last possible moment. Just then my reverie was interrupted by the entrance of my brother-in-law, who remarked that it was a splendid night. I rose and went to the window: it was indeed a glorious night, and I exclaimed almost involuntarily, 'Oh! what a night for a sleigh-ride!' 'Well,' replied he, 'let us go.' Mamma looked up from her knitting, and sister from her stitching, and simultaneously they exclaimed: 'Surely you're not in earnest! Why, you'll freeze to death, child!' But my brother-in-law, who has always been an aider and abettor in all my schemes of fun and frolic, since my earliest recollections, interposed in my behalf, and overruled all their objections; so I ran off to muffle myself up, and returned to the parlor, prepared, as I thought, to encounter a Lapland winter, but mother insisted upon an extra pair of moccasins over my Polish boots, thus making my feet even more than usually elephantine in their proportions; and sister went in search of her fur-cap, though I had on one of my own already. It occurred to me, as I surveyed myself in the mirror, that thus attired, no one would perceive the fall of my shoulders, or call my figure 'sylph-like,' or fall in love with my graceful walk; for I fairly rolled under the weight of clothing. In a few moments my brother-in-law entered, and really the figure he presented was almost as ludicrous as my own; so we both enjoyed a hearty laugh at each other's expense, till the sound of the bells announced that the sleigh was at the door. I jumped in, and was safely packed away amid innumerable sleigh-robcs, (rather a cold night to ride out in our *bear-skins*, was n't it?) My brother seated himself by my side, and off we started at a charming rate — the horses seeming to feel in as high spirits as we did. The river was soon reached, and we followed its windings for miles, sometimes between high cliffs, and then again through low level plains — the naked branches of the trees casting their skeleton shadows on the snow beneath, and every now and then a tall evergreen stood like a giant sentinel along our road. Thus we went for miles and miles, not meeting a single living thing, and with nothing to break the solemn stillness of the night save the musical ring of our own sleigh-bells; and such a night! — with that glorious moon sailing high in heaven, and the stars, those tireless watchers, looking so smilingly down upon us, and filling our hearts with thoughts of loved and absent ones, and of some who have left us to return no more; and we fancied that even then their spirits were looking down upon us from those bright orbs above. We arrived safely home about nine o'clock, as warm and comfortable as though we had never quitted the parlor-fire, but mother suggested the propriety of our drinking a hot whiskey-punch, to prevent the possibility of taking cold, and of course, as dutiful children, we followed her advice, and, unlike most doctors, we found that she was very willing herself to take the remedy she prescribed for others!

J. K. L.

THERE WAS *one* thing which we knew, when we first read the following reminiscence in manuscript, and that was, that it was written *from the life*. Do n't you see, now, how easy it is to make a graphic picture, if you write as you think, without over-laying every thing you have to say with words? We have hundreds of communications in our 'Baalam-box,' in prose and verse, in which the thoughts, good enough often-times in themselves, and sometimes exceedingly felicitous, are literally covered up with word-rubbish :

'YES; those blessed, bright, and happy days! Who cannot look back upon them with a thrill of joy, as he sees himself trudging on with a heart-full of fun and hope, and a dinner-basket as full of pie and nut-cakes?

'He is as free from corroding care as the bird which flits and twitters across his pathway; and like it, he mounts in spirit, and soars above the ills and fears which have now gathered so thickly around us, and attach themselves like so many leeches upon our hearts, drawing out our very life-blood. The hoop, the kite, or the ball which is crowded into his pants-pocket, has far more attractions for him than the books the 'school-ma'am' is so anxious he should keep his eyes upon.

'But how shall I write about balls and hoops when it was never my misfortune to wear a hat or a round-about? No, indeed; but my calico sun-bonnet, with its deep cape and ruffled front, hung for many a week upon the same peg in the spacious old hall of the red school-house.

'How anxiously we hurried around in the morning to have our dinners put up, and to be off, that we might have time to play; and a right happy time we had of it too, laying a wall of stone on either side of the path which led to the stump where our play-house was made.

'Then there were our dishes — some real China ones, with pink edges — put upon tiny shelves of shingles, and arranged with curious taste, that every piece might show its beauties.

'When all was ready, and our dolls dressed and quieted, we played 'go and see,' rapping at the portals of each other's stumps with as much mock-dignity and politeness as you now see in the parlors of the rich. And with full as much heart-interest we inquired after the healths of each other's rag-babies as ladies now feel in regard to 'real live babies,' wrapped in embroidered flannel and sleeping in costly cribs. And often we expressed our surprise, as we looked upon the coal-traced features of our rag progeny, at the striking resemblance it had to its father.

'But in the midst of our highest enjoyment, as we all believed, rap! rap! rap! in quick and spiteful succession, would go the 'ruler' upon the window-sash; and then such a scampering and running to put things 'to rights,' and hide our babies where the boys, those pests of all pests, those girl-tormentors, should not find them.

'All things speedily arranged, we crowd the hall, each eager to get ahead, when, perhaps, just as the door is opened, some heedless girl is sent headlong in upon all-fours. Then a general titter is heard, but at the peals of the old ruler upon the table, with, 'Order!' from the school-ma'am, how we straightened down our faces and suppressed the laugh that was distending our cheeks by holding one hand tight over our mouths for fear it might involuntarily escape.

'Well do I remember the first day of that winter's school, when Mr. NOAH, with his portly form and bloated face, walked in and took the chair. We were all early

there, and seated, discussing the great advantages of having a 'man-teacher,' when the door opened and his great red nose hove in sight.

'Silence such as might have been felt pervaded the room: no sound was heard; but every eye, black, blue, hazel, and chestnut, was fastened upon him who was to hold the reins of government for the next half-year.

The 'big folks' think it a matter of no importance who sits at the helm of government to make and execute *their* laws. But here we, who were not allowed to vote in this or any other matter, but yet a community of future merchants, lawyers, mechanics, and clergymen sat on one side of the house, and on the other sat the wives, mothers, missionaries, and authoresses of the next half-century; and such a beastly-looking specimen of corporeal capacity, sent in by our parents to teach us! We did not like it.

'A few days slid by very comfortably to all who preferred study to a sound whipping; but the day was coming, and soon arrived, when we were to make up all losses in the way of play. The 'bull-frog,' as he was familiarly called, entered the room that morning, as one of the 'large girls' said, 'disguised.' But really we could not see wherein; for he made more display of himself than usual in his many ineffectual attempts to rise. When fairly up, however, he turned square around, and, to our great amusement, said: 'We'll open the school with prayer.' This was the first intimation that we had had that he was a religious man, and we were all taken too much by surprise to assume a very devotional attitude.

'It was with some difficulty that Mr. NOAH regained his seat, and while the first class was reading he fell into a recumbent position upon the side of the table, and was soon soundly snoring. This we considered a dismissal *pro tem.*, and improved it by silently withdrawing, not wishing to disturb his nap. When fairly out, no bounds were set to the expressions of contempt by some, of regrets by others; while a few stoutly maintained that he was just such a teacher as they liked.

'This play we considered clear gain, and enjoyed it much more than we should have done had we been regularly dismissed. For some time we kept a watch at the door to report on the progress of the nap, which proceeded much to our liking. We were having a grand time with our 'teeter'-boards upon the highest fence, when, to our great consternation, rap! rap! rap! rap! went the ruler again at the window. I was high up in the air when the first sound came; but I did not remain long there; for the girl on the opposite end gave one bound, with, 'I guess we shall catch it,' and was off. I was not long in coming down, however, and I found my level much sooner than most people do who suddenly rise to elevated positions in the world.

'What she caught I do not know; but I was sure that it would be something the next time I got hold of her. Being left as I was in a puddle of water, behind a ten-foot fence, in a collapsed condition, it is not to be expected that I obeyed the call with as much alacrity as my fellow-students; but after a moment for breath and reflection I made my appearance at the door.

'The teacher was seated in his arm-chair, evidently in a very happy state of mind; for, with the most obsequious smiles and gestures, he said, 'Come in, my dove; you look as if there had been no abatement of the water from off the face of the earth yet.'

'Old NOAH! how I wished him back in the ark again, among the beasts, where he belonged. This ended my literary career for the winter, and I must needs remain at home and wait till some worthy 'school-ma'am' should take the chair.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Those of our readers, who were our readers eighteen years ago, will recollect a witty paper entitled '*Conversations on Vegetable Physiology*,' by WHARTON GRIFFITH, Esq., author of '*A Lift for the Lazy*,' which went the rounds of the press throughout the Union. The following '*War in the Wine-Cellar*' is quite in the same sprightly and humorous vein:

'WHAT does master mean,' said Colonel MADEIRA, his color rising as he spoke, indicating his resentment, 'by rolling a vulgar beer-barrel in amongst us choice spirits, who never associate with the canaille?' shaking from him in his agitation the dust and cobwebs that for years had been collecting. 'We patricians, who can boast of foreign ancestry, and have circumnavigated the globe more than once, too, and whose acquaintance is sought after by the rich and mighty, how could he suppose for one moment we should tolerate such an intrusion?'

'And,' said Mrs. SHERRY, turning *pale* with indignation, 'the precedent is wrong, decidedly wrong; other plebeians will presume upon this innovation when the facts come to be known.'

'Hustle him out! hustle him out!' said lively Miss CHAMPAGNE, in her most *spirited, heady* manner, effervescing with spite, so as to make her *beads* fly about her neck as though possessed, or suddenly seized with a fit of St. VITUS's dance, and requiring, not chains, but *wires*, to keep her rage within bounds.

'Order! order! ladies and gentlemen!' spoke elderly Mr. PORT, in a voice of authority. 'You all betray your ignorance of what becomes high birth and aristocracy of feeling, to deign to notice the interloper. Nabobs, like us, esteem him beneath contempt; and, depend upon it, our mistress, when it comes to her knowledge, will treat him with cold neglect; and he will regret from the bottom of his soul (that is, if their race have any, which I am inclined to doubt) that he ever showed his face here; and, chagrined and mortified, he will become *soured* and morose, a complete misanthrope; and, I ask, with what greater misfortune could any of our jovial band desire him to be visited?' So saying, the old nabob, *purple* with the effort of making such a long speech, rested his gouty foot on the shelf and prepared him for his usual siesta.

'*Soured*, indeed!' screeched Messrs. CLARER and HOCK, with vinegar looks, both speaking at once. 'Mr. Hock has the floor,' cried the demijohns and the bottles all; and fashionable Mr. Hock, with a 'Beau BRUMMELISH' air, stood deliberately scanning through his eye-glass, from stem to stern, the frightened, burly beer-barrel. *Soured*, indeed! a worse evil than that will overtake him, I trust, for his unpardonable, insufferable impudence thus to thrust himself into the society of the *elite*; and I will only say to this august assembly, that by the cultivated taste and the refined, *acidulated* wine is highly appreciated. But,' said the exquisite, readjusting his glass, smoothing his imperial, and viewing with complacency his shiny suit of green, 'I shall give him the cut direct, were he my grand-father, 'pon honor!'

A slight pause ensued among the nobility, when, from a remote, dark corner of the cellar, in a little squeaking voice, and with a nasal twang, spoke GINGER POP, his eyes glimmering like tiny glow-worms, and his cork just ready to fly with passion:

'You need not abuse and trample under foot us republican democrats,' said he, 'although noble blood does not flow in our veins. Still, the family of HORS, in England, are a very *aspiring, climbing* sort of folks, and of old and respectable origin, and allowed all the world over to possess more patriotism than any other family. We are considered indispensable in keeping 'Independence;' the demand for us on the Fourth of July is a caution. The WASHINGTONIANS will even smack their lips at us, whilst you, every mother's child of you, are looked upon as hostile to the American Constitution,

enemies to mankind, and anathematized by all; but as poisons are administered in small doses, in extreme cases, so are you resorted to in some incurable diseases. Whilst, on the contrary, we have the good will of all, and are looked upon as inoffensive and good citizens; and as for you, Miss CHAMPAGNE, permit me to give you a piece of my mind. You are no better than you should be, trying to impose upon folks with your '*Parlez vous francais.*' You had better mind your beads, and take yourself off to the *Jerseys*, bag and basket, where you came from.' And GINGER POP, still foaming with wrath, paused to take breath; then, in a whining, canting tone, added: 'If we should all live through the winter, which for my part I feared I could not survive, my constitution being always *weakly*, as I had no *strength*, nor even *body*, until I was forty-eight hours old, and dreading sometimes lest I should *burst* with the frost—I say, should our lives be spared until spring, we shall see what we shall see. We democrats will beat you aristocrats all hollow.'

'For a time, amazement at the audacity of a poor, forlorn, isolated, forgotten little orphan Yankee pottery bottle, venturing to squeak forth such a tirade of abuse, kept each one silent. And then such a clamor was heard as has seldom been equalled, even in old Tammany. Quiet at length being restored, old Mrs. JAMAICA, who had been reeling about her nook, with the assistance of her daughters, GIN and WHISKEY, her whole neck and face glowing like an ember, with swollen cheeks and carbuncled nose, puffing and blowing, and filling the cellar with her odorous breath, not quite like the 'south wind stealing over a bed of violets,' clearing her throat for a speech, with a thick, inarticulate voice, moved 'That a committee of the whole be appointed to take into *sober* consideration the propriety of setting forth their grievances to their mistress, and, in defiance of master's remonstrances, expelling *sans ceremonie* the corpulent beer barrel, the cause of all the disturbance.' Although 'Time's busy finger on her brow had written age,' yet the old lady's face was dyed with roseate blushes, which, partially illuminating the apartment, made 'darkness visible,' as she, with her pale and shadowy daughters left the rostrum, and with a limping and uncertain gait regained her shelf. Mrs. JAMAICA then 'treated resolution' by way of a nocturnal head-gear, and the dram proving soporific, she sank into an uneasy slumber, which fact was soon made known to all by the terrific snores that reverberated through the cellar.

'Alas! poor, unpretending, humble beer-barrel! the innocent cause of this commotion, trembling with fright, death staring him in the face, the *cream* of his life gone, steadying himself on end, murmured from the bung-hole an apology to the lords and ladies all.

'First, tendering his thanks to his cousin GINGER POP, for the able defence he had made of his pedigree, he then assured them 'that if the key-hole were larger, he would make his P. P. C., but his bulk prevented that; and although the manner in which he had been *treated* by the company of choice spirits in whose presence, without his consent, he found himself, was calculated to em-bitter his feelings, still he would feel under great obligations to them if they would permit him for one night to lodge on the stone floor, and he would unite with them in the morning in supplicating the mistress to send him back to his friends, who, he was happy to say, were very *strong* ones.

'The servile, cringing manner of the terrified beer-barrel operated favorably upon the minds of the overhearing aristocrats, their anger was appeased, the *fermentation* ceased, and peace and harmony once more reigned in the wine cellar.'

Liquor-wars are not ended yet. - - - 'BISHOP STEVENSON,' of Pittsburgh, is 'a perfect bird.' Our readers have heard of, and from him, heretofore. We have never 'set eyes' on him, and yet we fancy that we know him. He belongs to that class of religious wharf-rats, which we used to see and hear on Sundays about the pier-heads on the East and North Rivers, until Mayor Wood pretermitted their evangelism. It's curious: but we never meet one of 'em of a week-day, in the central thoroughfares, without at

once — through the power of association — being made aware of the presence of tar, bilge-water, scrap-iron, and old rope. Well: Bishop STEVENSON, 'located' promiscuously along the various avenues of commerce centering in Pittsburgh, essaying to discharge high service in exercise of his office, took seat in the cars one evening, with an eye to a missionary tour to the benighted vicinity of Greensburgh, and because of inability to comply with one of the trifling regulations of the company touching the matter of fare, was compelled to change platforms some miles from town, and left at Turtle Creek. In the language of the Bishop himself: 'the plane Staitment of the matter, is i spoak to the bagage master the evening Before Respecting of going to greensburgh and to Let me hav a fre pas Going and Returning which his repli was com and see about the Mater wich i did and the agint sade go to the conductor and prech him a serman and he shuld taik me. and when the conductor come to me he asked me Whare I was Going too and i reply to greensburgh to Delivir a corse of lecturs he asked me for a ticket wich i had non and stated to him they alowed me to prech him a serman and he shuld Take me. he sade the compeny had no soles, making of them worst than hethens, as regards the amortal sole. and he stated i wuld hav to Go out at the first station wich was turtle crick — wich i was left in a Bad situasion as regards the meanes of Getting alonge and sufford to be Left amonge a comunity that had a hart as hard as the conductor in a Starving situasion and no Whares to lay my hed on.' An enthusiastic admirer of the Bishop does not hesitate to say:

'I CONFESS to a peculiar pride in being permitted to rank myself among the number of the Doctor's friends. I have enjoyed the satisfaction of standing under more than one of his 'corse of lecturs.' I have admired his eloquence, when, in spite of the manifold annoyances which have assailed him, pebbles pelting, deposits of hen's-nests made projectiles of, crushing about him, meat-hooks in the market-houses whose blocks have been his rostrum inserted in his nether broadcloth, and all that — I have admired his eloquence, I say, when under such a combination of untoward circumstances, he has maintained his place, and spent his glowing thoughts upon the ears of congregations, unmoved, unterrified, serene. I have been witness to his matchless skill in the management of intricate questions, setting points beyond cavil in a quarter of an hour's treatment which have been in controversy ever since doctors began to disagree, and felt myself filled with wonder that from handling threads and needles on a tailor's board, one could have been found to ascend through the spheres of peddling 'esanses,' mostly sinamont, as being most in demand,' and scouring cloths, and inventing patent 'savs' for burns and blisters, price twenty-five cents a box, up to such reach of perfection in span of a life-time.'

We hope to see the 'Bishop' soon. - - - You will hear from 'JOHN PHOENIX,' the author of the following, and other equally capital satirical burlesques, at 'first hands' hereafter in these pages:

'MAJOR GOLIAH O'GRADY GAHAGAN, late of the H. E. I. Company's service, has the honor to inform the gentlemen of San-Francisco of his arrival from Calcutta, and he offers them his professional services as a *Duellist* and *Professor of the Code of Honor*.

'From his great experience and skill in his profession, having had the pleasure to be engaged in over four thousand 'affairs of honor,' and to have slain in personal combat, during the past thirty years, two hundred and thirty-eight gentlemen of high respectability, Major GAHAGAN flatters himself that he shall be able to give satisfaction to the chivalry of San-Francisco, and to conduct their little 'affairs' with unequalled *ecolat*.

'In soliciting the patronage of this enlightened community, Major GAHAGAN has the honor to submit the following scale of fees, which he has put at such an exceedingly low figure as to place a duel in the power of a gentleman of the most limited means.

For demanding an apology,.....	\$3 00
Ditto, an abject ditto,.....	3 75
For letters on the subject of satisfaction, each,.....	1 25

'For arranging and carrying through a hostile meeting, as follows:

With duelling pistols, ten steps,.....	\$100
Ditto, furnishing pistols, ammunition, surgeon, and carriages,.....	200
With rifles, thirty steps,.....	150
Ditto, with muskets, ditto,.....	150
With Colt's revolvers, six shots,.....	200
Ditto, six pounders, field pieces, (artillery provided,).....	500

'For settling satisfactorily a difficulty, 'without prejudice to the honor of either party,' as follows:

When the lie has been given,.....	\$100
When the expression d — d rascal has been used,.....	75
Ditto, d — d jackass,.....	50
When the nose has been pulled,.....	150
When a blow has been struck,.....	150
When a kick has been given,.....	175
Ditto, on or near the coat-tails,.....	200

'As a line must be drawn some how, Major G. feels it his duty to announce that he will on no account consent to serve in an affair between persons of color, and that his charges for conducting a duel between two tailors will be nine times as great as the ordinary fees, the proverbial tenacity of life of those tradesmen rendering this arrangement imperative.

'As interference with a gentleman's profession is an outrage by no means to be tolerated, Major GAHAGAN deems it his duty to inform all gentlemen who may think proper to engage in an affair of honor hereafter, whether as principal or seconds, without his assistance, that he will hold them personally responsible for so doing, in each and every instance.

'Posting, as Liar, Coward, and Scoundrel, by card or placard, executed on the most reasonable terms, and eligible lots in the Lone Mountain Cemetery provided for the unfortunate, or steamer tickets furnished the survivors for a small commission. Address Major GOLIAH O'GRADY GAHAGAN, corner of Clay and Leavenworth streets, upstairs.

Notices of the Press. — From the Bundelcund 'Galaxy,' June the 15th, 1854 — 'The fight yesterday between Major GAHAGAN and the Hon. FITZ ROY JOBSON, was one of the most beautifully conducted affairs we ever had the pleasure of witnessing. With five successive shots from a Colt's revolver, the gallant Major removed his adversary's five front-teeth, and with the sixth took off, as cleanly as with a scalpel, an inch and a half from the end of his nose, the profuse hemorrhage ensuing, rendering Mr. JOBSON *hors de combat* for the nonce.

'Major GAHAGAN attended the honorable company's ball in the evening, when we noticed him mingling in the mazes of the dance with Lady EMILIE JOBSON, etc., etc.'

'From the Calcutta *'Evening Journal,'* Aug. 9th, 1854 — "The duel between the gallant Major GAHAGAN and the Lord-Bishop of Bengal, came off this morning at daylight, and resulted in the Bishop's receiving an ounce-ball on the pit of the stomach. On learning the nature of his adversary's wound, the Major wittily remarked that he was much to be pitied, adding that he would have *winged* the Bishop, but for the fear of making an angel of him prematurely.'

'Hundreds of similar testimonials to the above may be seen by applying to Major G. O. G. G. at his office.'

There is a most trenchant satire in this. - - - 'THE following incident,' writes 'G. B. P.,' from whom we shall be glad to hear again, 'was related to me some years since, and afforded me so much amusement at the time, and whenever it has occurred to me since, that I am tempted to jot it down for the amusement of your readers, albeit, I must premise, that it loses half its savor in the telling: Mr. F —, who was for some years the President of one of the Southern telegraph companies, and for a much longer time the

clerk of the United States House of Representatives, is a very grave-looking, dignified sort of a personage, with a very slow, measured, and drawling voice, but who, withal, likes a good joke as well as any one, though he has a somewhat peculiar mode of expressing it. Happening one day, while in Boston, to come unexpectedly upon a somewhat familiar countenance, he inquired of the gentleman in company with him if that (pointing to the stranger) was not Mr. THAYER? His friend replied that it was. 'Why,' said Mr. F —, 'I used to know him once very well, and I recollect a letter he wrote me, too; and I don't think I shall ever forget it either. You see, he was an operator on my line some years ago, and a very good one too; but he had one great fault: he would take a little too much occasionally, and neglect his duties. I disliked to say any thing to him about it, he was such a gentlemanly fellow, and so it ran on for some time, until finally I thought it my duty to write him, and remonstrate against his conduct, and see if I could not effect some improvement. I wrote him as mild and delicate a letter as the circumstances would admit of, and what do you suppose he did when he received it? Why, Sir, he sat down and wrote me back, inclosing my letter to him, saying, 'If I was going to adopt it as a rule to write to all the operators who were in the habit of drinking, that I had better keep that letter as a copy, and get it s-t-e-r-e-o-t-y-p-e-d, and *send a copy of it to every operator on the line!*' Well, Sir, to tell you the plain truth, I was almighty angry at the time, and immediately sent him his discharge, but it makes me laugh now whenever I think of it!' - - - To our conception there is great beauty in the ensuing fervid lines. We know nothing of the author, save that they are said to be by a lady:

'Tarry with Us.'

'TARRY with me, O my SAVIOUR!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh:
Tarry with me! tarry with me!
Pass me not unheeded by.

'Many friends were gathered round me,
In the bright days of the past;
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here the last:
I am lonely; tarry with me,
Till the dreary night is past.

'Dimmed for me is earthly beauty;
Yet the Spirit's eye would fain
Rest upon THY lovely features;
Shall I seek, dear LORD! in vain?
Tarry with me, O my SAVIOUR!
Let me see THY smile again.

'Dull my ear to earth-born music;
Speak THOU, LORD, in words of cheer:
Feeble, tottering my foot-step,
Sinks my heart with sudden fear;
Cast THINE arms, dear LORD! around me,
Let me feel THY presence near.

'Faithful Memory paints before me
 Every deed and thought of sin;
 Open THOU the blood-filled fountain,
 Cleanse my guilty soul within:
 Tarry, thou forgiving SAVIOUR,
 Wash me wholly from my sin.

'Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
 Paler now the glowing west:
 Swift the night of death advances —
 Shall it be the night of rest?
 Tarry with me, O my SAVIOUR!
 Lay my head upon THY breast.

'Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
 LORD, I cast myself on THEE;
 Tarry with me through the darkness;
 While I sleep, still watch by me
 Till the morning, then awake me,
 Dearest LORD, to dwell with THEE!'

Read this before you go to church on Sunday. - - - THE friendly correspondent who sends us the following considers himself very properly justified in doing so, by the place which we gave to the proceedings of the 'convention' held by the 'Man in the Moon,' as recorded in the '*Dua Fabula*' of our umqwhile correspondent, the 'Director in a Plank-Road Company:'

'THE fable (which I have just turned in in an old number of 'KNICK') of the man in the moon, who held a meeting all by himself, and passed resolutions applauding his own conduct, calls to my mind a real meeting I once heard of, convened in a city not a thousand miles from Cleveland. 'The Forest City' was the residence of the Secretary of a company, the stock of which was chiefly owned by an uncle of his 'down-East,' but which was organized and did business nominally in Ohio. Things were so fixed that when any new resolutions were to be passed, officers elected, or any thing of importance done, it was necessary to call a meeting of the company, and on those occasions, the express, on the day before the meeting, usually brought a package of instructions, and a hat-full of stock and proxies to E —, who acted on such occasions as the representative of 'all hands.' On the occasion to which I allude, E —, who, by the way, is a tall, good-natured, jocose fellow, with a keen relish for a good joke and 'Old Particular,' was the only voter in town, and of course he was puzzled, as the hour of meeting drew near, to contrive how he would manage the assemblage, or how he should support the united dignities of President, Secretary, voters, and audience — they all being combined in his own ungainly person. As the hour of ten drew nigh, however, a lucky thought struck him. Seizing his proxies and his hat-full of scrip, he went to his friend B —, a youngster in whose discretion he had confidence, and having written a transfer for one share, which constituted him a voter, he asked him up to the convention. Arrived in his sanctum, and being seated at the table, E — opened the meeting by informing B — solemnly, that 'pursuant to notice, the stock-holders of the — Company were then and there convened for the election of officers.' Said E —: 'Now B —, you move that I be President.' 'Done!' said B —. 'Now, I move that you be Secretary.' 'Done!' says B —. The meeting being thus fully organized, the voting began. E — threw in his hat-full for the 'down-East' officers, and B —, as in duty bound, put in his vote ditto. The result of the election having been ascertained, various resolutions were passed with great unanimity, and several speeches made by the President to the audience, touching the welfare of the company, which were received with unbounded applause, and after a very lengthy and spirited session, the President announced to B — that the convention was adjourned,

to meet a year hence, at same hour and place. The convention did then adjourn, and all the members descended to the saloon of the W — House, to refresh themselves after the fatigues of the meeting, and to drink to the prosperity of the — Company and the health of the successful candidates.'

APROPOS of the '*Dux Fabulæ*:' here is a '*Missent Letter to the People*,' from the same pen, which failed to reach the editor of '*The Tribune*,' who, being in Paris, is unable to redress all public grievances, as he could do through his influential journal, if he were at his post:

'Letter from the People.'

'TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE:

'SIR: Allow me to make use of the valuable columns of your widely-disseminated sheet to stir up public opinion on the subject of a systematic system of outrage pursued toward the people, by a certain gigantic and overgrown monopoly, which imagines itself invulnerable in every quarter; and which, having the giant's strength, cares not how tyrannously it uses it.

'The first-class Express Comet, which was telegraphed to the Berlin Observatory several weeks ago as being on its way up from below, has come in sight, and is now making a frantic run down the long grade to this station. The papers say that this is the Comet of 1788. If the statement is true it was due, according to the time-table, in 1854, and is consequently two years behind time. Whether the delay was caused by the carelessness of a switch-tender, or the fatal curiosity of some straggling cow, I am unable to say, but the heedless and headlong character of the employes of the line, make it to my mind morally certain that to some such inexcusable negligence the failure of mails and the delay of passengers is to be ascribed. Now, Sir, what I want to know is, how long the Directors of this line are to be permitted to defy public opinion, and to snap their fingers at claims for damages? The other evening the Night Express, while going at an insane velocity through the avenues of the thickly-settled district beyond the Half-Way House, leaped off the track and ran smack into a large new moon which had lately been put up, with all the modern improvements, by the public-spirited proprietor of the well-known watering-place in that region. It is needless to say that the luckless 'obstacle,' as the superintendent of the line coolly called it, was knocked into a cocked hat, and to all who have ever had any dealings with the same surpassingly cool individual, it will be equally unnecessary for me to say further that the bill of the gentlemanly proprietor, when presented at the Company's office for settlement, was deliberately met by a bill for 'damages to cow-catcher,' and pigeon-holed, in the face and eyes of the astounded and helpless creditor, as 'cancelled per account!' This is not a solitary instance. I could give you forty — and no wonder, either, when the numerous trains are driven at headlong speed over a *single* track, and the most ordinary precautions against accident are totally disregarded. Last night the Comet, now in sight, crossed the orbit of a large planet, *without ringing the bell*, and this negligence is habitual. Plainly, no disaster is too overwhelming to be expected from such management. The Lightning Train is now due from the East, and as neither of the trains stop at way-stations, I expect nothing more than to see the two lock horns at the corner of my kitchen. Are the Directors of the road crazy, or is every body else crazy? Please inform. Excuse this encroachment on your valuable space. I have borne the evils complained of as long as I am able to, and have only spoken when the tread of a gigantic monopoly on my own corns has become unendurable.

'June, 1855.

'Your obedient servant,

PUBLICOLA.'

'PUBLICOLA' must not forget us hereafter. - - - 'An eminent physician of our city,' according to our contemporary of '*The Spirit of the Times*,' has supplied several prescriptions for complaints which it is feared the 'prohi-

bitory law' will in a short time entail upon the community, and the remedies for which any druggist or apothecary is obliged to supply, after the recipe shall have received the signature of a regular physician. The 'medicine,' it is said, is 'not bad to take.' We annex two or three prescriptions without giving their 'proper names,' as, under the circumstances, it might 'defeat the ends of justice:'

R.—SPIRITUS vini Gallici, fl ℥ j.
Tinct. Gentianæ comp., fl ℥ ss.
Sacchari albi pulv., cochleare minim. j.
Aque frigidae, fl ℥ iij.
Misce bene.
Adde corticis limoni sectionem parvulam.

S. 'Ter die Hauriendum.'

R.—SPIRITUS Hordei et Secalis cum lupul. destillati, et cum bacis Juniperi } fl ℥ j.
communis redestillati et rectificati, }
Tinct. Gentianæ et Amomi Cardamomi compositæ, fl ℥ ss.
Sacchari albi, cochleare minimum, fl ℥ iij.
Aque frigidae,
Misce bene, cum fustula; et adde corticis limonis sectionem parvulam.
'S. 'Quater die hauriendum: videlicet — mane, una hora post meridiem ad vesper, et ante recumbitum.'

PRESCRIPTIO AD FACIENDUM JULEPUM MENTHICUM.

SPIRITUS Vini Gallici, fl ℥ ij.
Spiritus Amygdali Persici, fl ℥ ss.
Spiritus Sacchari officinarum, fl ℥ j.
Sacchari albi puri, cochl. maxim.
Menthæ viridis foliarum — manip. minim.
'M. B. cum agitatione violenta, frustis glacies et aque puræ q. s. additis.

It is said that these 'medicaments,' to persons accustomed to drink brandy and gin cock-tails, or even mint-juleps, will prove a very pleasant substitute for their accustomed 'beverage.' - - - We are indebted to a friend in Washington City for the following very forcible illustration of '*What Constitutes Riches*.' We need not add that the anecdote is entirely authentic:

'To be rich,' said Mr. MARCY, our worthy Secretary of State, 'requires only a satisfactory condition of the mind. One man may be rich with a hundred dollars, while another, in the possession of millions, may think himself poor; and as the necessities of life are enjoyed by each, it is evident the man who is the best satisfied with his possessions is the richer.'

'To illustrate this idea, Mr. MARCY related the following anecdote: 'While I was Governor of the State of New-York,' said he, 'I was called upon one morning at my office by a rough specimen of a backwoodsman, who stalked in, and commenced conversation by inquiring 'if this was Mr. MARCY?'

'I replied that that was my name.

' 'BILL MARCY?' said he. I nodded assent.

' 'Used to live in Southport, did n't ye?'

'I answered in the affirmative, and began to feel a little curious to know who my visitor was, and what he was driving at.

' 'That's what I told 'em,' cried the backwoodsman, bringing his hand down on his thigh with tremendous force; 'I told 'em you was the same old BILL MARCY who used to live in Southport, but they would n't believe it, and I promised the

next time I came to Albany to come and see you and find out for sartin. Why, you know me, do n't you, BILL ?'

'I did n't exactly like to ignore his acquaintance altogether, but for the life of me I could n't recollect ever having seen him before ; and so I replied that he had a familiar countenance, but that I was not able to call him by name.

'My name is JACK SMITH,' answered the backwoodsman, 'and we used to go to school together thirty years ago, in the little red school-house in old Southport. Well, times has changed since then, and you have become a great man, and got rich, I suppose ?'

'I shook my head, and was going to contradict that impression, when he broke in :

'Oh ! yes you are ; I know you are rich ! no use denying it. You was Comptroller for — for a long time ; and the next we heard of you, you were Governor. You must have made a heap of money, and I am glad of it, glad to see you getting along so smart. You was always a smart lad at school, and I knew you would come to something.

'I thanked him for his good wishes and opinion, but told him that political life did not pay so well as he imagined. 'I suppose,' said I, 'fortune has smiled upon you since you left Southport ?'

'Oh ! yes,' said he ; 'I hain't got nothing to complain of. I must say I've got along right smart. You see, shortly after you left Southport our whole family moved up into Vermont and put right into the woods, and I reckon our family cut down more trees and cleared more land than any other in the whole State.'

'And so you have made a good thing of it. How much do you consider yourself worth ?' I asked, feeling a little curious to know what he considered a fortune, as he seemed to be so well satisfied with his.

'Well,' he replied, 'I do n't know exactly how much I am worth ; but I think, (straightening himself up,) if all my debts were paid I should be worth three hundred dollars clean cash !' And he *was* rich : for he was satisfied.' G. B. P.

There's many a rich poor man, and many a poor rich man. - - - We are indebted to an esteemed friend for the following beautiful 'Eastern Allegory.' It is from the pen of the lady of Mr. SPARKS, the eminent American historian :

The Recording Angels.

'Two Angels dear on every Soul attend,
And watch, with patient waiting, on each hand ;
One with soft eye of hope, and one of fear :
And both, with love intense, a golden record bear.
'And when that precious Soul, with love doth glow,
Those loving eyes with holy lustre shine ;
Then doth the right-hand Angel whisper low
'Tis ours for ever !' and with seal divine
Confirm the good, for Good can ne'er decay,
But, all immortal, wings to heaven its way.
'But if Suspicion dark, or fearful Wrath,
Trouble the lustre of those sinless eyes,
The left-hand Angel of Man's darkened path
In weeping silence writes, and sad surprise ;
But holds unsealed still the golden line,
And on his hopeful brother leans awhile ;
For if that Soul repent, the heavens shall smile,
And swift that record fade in light divine ;
And only Sorrow weep to leave so fair a shrine.

M. C. S.

WE are well pleased, in publishing, to perpetuate in these pages, events such as are recorded in the paper from a new but welcome correspondent, entitled, '*Captain Samuel Brady and Cornplanter, a Legend of the Alleghany River.*'

'MANY of the wild legends of border strife and Indian barbarity that have been enacted along the shores of the Alleghany and Ohio, have never been rescued from the dim and fading remembrances of a past age. But occasionally a story of thrilling interest is snatched from the lingering records of the red man.

'The story I am about to relate, I received from an old Indian pilot of the Alleghany. It was many years ago, when that stern old chief, CORNPLANTER, (whose remains now repose in silence and loneliness on the banks of that beauteous river he loved so well,) was in his glory. His tribe roamed over the dense and unbroken forests along its banks, fearless, unmolested, and free.

'His people were hostile to the whites, and never lost any opportunity to lie in ambush and seize the lonely voyager as he descended the river, and consign him to the stake and the torture. But the watchful, shrewd, and deadly foe of CORNPLANTER and the whole 'tawny race' was the indomitable and fearless Captain SAMUEL BRADY. This veteran pioneer and Indian hunter was one of those noble specimens of the hardy foresters who plunged fearlessly into the interminable forests that then overspread so large a portion of the Western States.

'Like DANIEL BOON, LEWIS WETZEL, SIMON KENTON, and others, who made Indian hunting a pastime, his deadly hate of the Indian, and his burning passion for hunting them down, amounted to a monomania. This hatred was in consequence of the wrongs they had inflicted upon his family — his father, Captain JOHN BRADY, and his brother having fallen victims to the tomahawk and scalping-knife.

'The scene of the present story is at a place known to boatmen and raftmen as 'BRADY'S Bend,' and where now the noise and bustle of a new manufacturing town called the 'Great Western' resounds along the shores, that then echoed only to the whoop of the savage, or the panther's scream.

'It is a bend in the river of nine miles in length, and is sometimes called the 'Nine-Mile Bend,' and is scarcely half a mile across the neck. Here in this bend CORNPLANTER, returned from some successful inroad upon the whites, had secured several prisoners, by tying them to as many trees, while his swarthy and hideously-painted followers were busy in making preparations for the faggot and the torture.

'The stake was erected and the faggots prepared with all the coolness and refinement of Indian barbarity. It was a beautiful evening; the sun was just sinking behind the lofty hill upon the opposite shore. Calmness had thrown its oily wand upon the Alleghany's crystal tide, and it slept. The full, round moon, just bursting through the tree-tops behind them, sailed calmly through the distant blue, and cast its mellow beams upon the sleeping river, and danced upon its placid bosom.

'The melancholy note of the whip-poor-will from the adjoining thicket, fell sweetly upon the ear. The victims were unbound and led forth to the place of torture. At this moment, a voice, high up among the frowning rocks that loomed out from the thick hemlocks that crowned the hill opposite, hailed CORNPLANTER

in the Indian tongue, informing him that 'he was an Indian warrior, just returned from the war-path with a goodly number of prisoners.'

'He desired that the ceremonies of the torture might be suspended until he could ford the river and join them, when they would celebrate the occasion with unusual demonstrations of savage rejoicings. To this CORNPLANTER consented. The flames that had been kindled were extinguished, and the prisoners again bound to the trees.

'In the mean time, BRADY, for it was he who had deceived the wily Indian, with a body of men moved silently up the river to a place known as 'TRUBY'S Ripple,' and there fording the river, drew his men up across the neck of the bend, and moved noiselessly down upon the savages. So cautious was his approach that the Indians were completely cut off from retreat before they became alarmed.

'BRADY'S men hemmed them in from behind, while the Alleghany rolled in front. The first intimation to the savages of his approach was communicated by a deadly discharge from his unerring rifles. The Indians fought with desperation, but were overpowered; all were killed or taken prisoners save the chief, CORNPLANTER, who, on finding himself alone, plunged into the river, and swam for the other shore.

'Being a good swimmer, he remained several minutes under water, but as he rose for breath, he was greeted with a shower of bullets. In this way, alternately swimming under water as long as he could hold his breath, and then rising to the surface, he escaped unhurt, and reaching the other shore in safety, secreted himself behind a large standing rock.

'The prisoners were of course unbound, and all joined in the jollification and joy at the timely and unlooked-for release. The rock that shielded CORNPLANTER from BRADY'S bullets was pointed out to me by the old Indian, in a recent trip down this river. It is known as 'CORNPLANTER'S Rock.' This old Indian gave me the story with a sad and dejected countenance, in broken English.

'Alas! how changed the scene! Where then the sheeny tide of the beauteous Alleghany parted only to the swift-skimming birchen canoe, and echoed to the wild voices that came out of the dense, dark forest, now is heard the shrill whistle of the steam-pipe, and the rushing of the mighty steamer. Where the tawny savage then reclined upon the shady banks, from his pursuit of the deer, the panther, and the bear, or rested from the war-path, is now the scene of life and activity.

'The tall old forest has receded from before the advance of civilization, and given place to farms, beautiful villas, and bustling towns. The Indian too has passed away; but a few, and they but miserable decaying relics of what they once were, are now occasionally seen, the descendants of the proud race that once could call these hills, and groves, and rivers all their own. Alas! in the language of the poet:

'CHIEFTAINS and their tribes have perished,
Like the thickets where they grew.'

'Passing away! — passing away!' - - - Our neighbor, Colonel S —, tells a capital story of a certain wag in Erie, (Penn.,) a jolly publican, who contributes a good deal to the life of that pleasant but sometimes very obstinate borough. One morning, a travelling phrenologist arrived at his inn, and took lodgings. The next day in the village paper appeared an advertisement, stating that Professor B — had arrived in Erie, and would make, 'for a consideration,' examination of the heads of the citizens, and accom-

pany the same with accurate, reliable charts of character. For three or four days the calls were sparse; but on the fifth day, there was a rush of five or six to the apartments of the Professor. One morning, a countryman entered the inn where the phrenologist had his rooms, and said to our landlord aforesaid: 'Is this the place where the phrenologist 'holds out,' who can tell a man's ka-racter by the bumps onto his skull?' 'Yes,' answered BONIFACE, with a reserved and dignified manner. 'Wal, I want my potato-trap looked into a little. Where is the man?' 'I am the man,' said the landlord. 'Oh!—you *be*, eh? Wal, put in: feel o' my lumps, and gin us a map. What's the swindle?' 'There is *no* swindle, Sir: phrenology is a *science*, Sir—a *liberal science*.' 'Oh! yes—'xpect so; but what's the price for feelin' a feller's head?' 'One dollar, with a chart.' 'Wal, go it: what do I du?—lie down, or sit up? Does it hurt?' 'Not in the least, Sir: take your seat in that chair.' There were four or five morning-loungers in the tavern, who checked a laugh, as the countryman took his seat, having first, as requested, removed his coat, vest, and neck-cloth. The wag of a landlord ran his hands through the hair of the 'patient' for a moment, and then said to his bar-tender: 'Mr. FLIPKINS, take a sheet of paper, draw four lines down its whole length, and put down my figures under the heads I mention to you.' It was done. 'Have you got it?' 'Yes: all right.' 'Very well:' and the landlord went on with his examination, which was rougher, perhaps, than there was any necessity for: 'Put down Philo-progenitiveness *sixty*.' 'Down, Sir.' 'Very well: Reverence, two.' 'Booked, Sir.' 'Combativeness, *two hundred!*' 'What's *that?*' said the victim. 'No matter, Sir: you'll see it on the chart. Caution, *one: Credulity, four hundred!*' 'What's that *last* lump?' asked the patient. 'Never mind, now: you'll understand it by-and-by. And now, (to the bar-keeper) Mr. FLIPKINS, you've put these in separate columns, as usual?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'Very well: add 'em up!' 'Add 'em u-u-p-p!!' exclaimed the phrenological 'subject': 'is *that* the way you do?' 'Of *c-o-u-r-s-e!* How else could we get your balance of mind—of intellect?' 'Wal, go ahead!' 'How does it DABOLL, Mr. FLIPKINS?' 'The three columns are equal—they foot up precisely the same!' The landlord looked solemnly and sympathisingly toward his subject: 'It is very strange,' said he, 'but *it is so*. Phrenology never lies. You have *no* predominant character, Sir: you have *no* intellectual *status*: you do n't know *any* thing, Sir. Excuse me, Sir; but I must state the truth, whether you take a chart or not: but, Sir, if there is any truth in phrenology, *you are a d—d fool!* Under the circumstances, Sir, I can scarcely expect you to desire to keep the chart which you have contracted for: that is a matter of small consequence, as it will be a valuable illustration of a unique species, which I can use in my lectures hereafter. I authenticate *all* my lectures, Sir, with real name and residence. The charge of deception, in science, is one which was never brought against me, Sir, and never *will* be, Sir—*never!*' 'Oh! never mind; give us the map,' said the subject; 'here's the swindle, for it *is* a swindle; but I'd rather pay it than to have you goin' round the country makin' a fool of me everywhere else, as you have here—you blasted philoprogenitive humbug, you!' With this

explosion, the subject retired. - - - The subjoined correspondence speaks for itself. The reader will perceive how impossible it is for PEPPER to be any thing but 'himself alone.' Even his unstudied prose, thrown off as it were 'at a heat,' is scarcely inferior to his immortal poetry. The letter which ensues was written at one sitting, with his 'left arm into a sling.'

'Dayton, Ohio, May 5th, 1855.

'MR. 'K. N. PEPPER': DEAR SIR: Relying upon the generosity of one whom it has not been my good fortune to see, I have taken the liberty to write you. If you cannot pardon my presumption, Sir, please be so kind as to let me down as easily as may be consistent with your sense of insulted dignity.

'I have seen, read, and laughed at your inimitable 'Pomes' in the KNICKERBOCKER, and more than that, I came near killing myself from over-exertion in laughing at the oddities and originalities of your last greatest work, 'Weelbarer.' The fact of my having suffered in the cause, must bear strongly in my favor. But to the object of my letter.

'I judge from the preface to 'Weelbarer,' as well as from the fact that none of your genius is exhibited in the pages of the last number of the KNICKERBOCKER, that you intend discontinuing your efforts. Now do please be so kind as to write a few more of those 'pomes' before you 'di.' I am but a young jour. printer, and do n't pretend to be an individual of much importance; or at least, if I am intended for a great man, the discovery has not yet become general; yet in spite of all this, I may venture to advance an opinion, and my opinion in regard to this matter is, that such productions as yours will run some time yet. Try it any how, just to oblige me: for who knows what the result may be?

'There are several upstarts, who, without the genius to *invent* a style, have been copying yours, and trying to steal your thunder. One of these is a resident of our sister city, Cincinnati. Push them off the track. If it is to be travelled at all, travel it yourself. You can make the best time, decidedly.

'I am almost astonished at myself: here I have been writing two pages of impudence to the immortal 'K. N. PEPPER,' (I wonder what in the deuce his *real* name is? But that's none of my business, of course.) But you have too much sense to be offended at me for doing it. I won't apologize again.

'The Shanghais are crowing most lustily, and I must get to bed. I am going to church to-morrow. So, PEPPER, good night! Please do n't die, though.

'Yours admirably,

JNO. E. VOUGHT.

'To 'K. N. PEPPER,' Esq.'

'North-Demosthenes 4 Corners, May the 15, 55.

'MR. JNO C. VOUGHT, esqr: DERE SIR: i reseve a leter frum you datid march the 5 wich i wos Plesse with. Mr. CLARK cent it 2 me ware i am staink to mi fren mr. PODDS. you rite a nexilen han, wich compairs faverbly with mine. your langig is good: wot you otto practis onto is stile, wich is rayther hard to git. ADISONS is very good onct in a wiles, but not fur a steddly stile. as a niustans ov wot i caul a pifric stile, their is the grate genus Mr. JOHN LANDIS, wich perhaps you no. their is troo elekens! and his Genus fur Paint is ekal to POWERS fur sculp. mi fren Podd hes contractid a good stile, wich yung men otto taik notis ov.

'i no that varis riters as hesent got no Genus air pertendin fur to proffisy into mi naim, but thaym poor creeters: wot air thayr felinks wen compaired to a troo Pote? nothink. thay doant fele no Fire or Genus becos thay aint got no fire to fele, wich acouns fur there coolnes. Genus recuirs a man as hes suferd & hes got a felink hart boath of wich is mi cais.

'you will se in the Jewn KNICKERBOCKER that your feres air not realize. i their adres the Moon wile she is absen in a e klips. you will se also that the chansis wos agin mi livin a grait wile & ov coars ov ritink. but in consekens ov mi dere fren Podd their is no tellink wen the afair wil cum of.

'the dr. ses i musent rite oanli a litle to onct wile ime a gittin wel so ile hev to stop pirty cuic. you say somethink about mi uther naim wich i dident no as i had. wen i get l ile write.

'frum your leter i shoold thinc as you must be a fine yung man, i shoold be happy to see you if you cum est. ask Mr. CLARK ware i am: hele alus no.

'n b. ef mi leter is sober thinc how bad i mus fele after goink throo ol i hev:
frum yours trooly,
K. N. PEPPER.'

PEPPER, we learn, is rapidly recovering. - - - Our 'variorum' friend 'Meister KARL' has, in the following, 'taken a leaf out of the book' of our departed friend and correspondent, JOHN SANDERSON, author of '*The American in Paris*,' touching whom Mr. IRVING once said to us that he 'exhibited superfluous wit enough to set up any six modern humorists;' adding, we remember, that although his papers in the KNICKERBOCKER were never too *long*, they were sometimes, he thought, a little too *broad*. We are assuming that the reader remembers the 'AMERICAN's' description of the 'home-feeling' which came over his mind and his heart upon seeing, on his first arrival in Paris, certain gowns and petticoats in a clothes-closet opening into a passageway to his apartment:

Ladies' Stockings.

I.

A CLOTHES-LINE in yonder garden
Goes wandering among the trees,
And on it two very long stockings
Are kicking the evening breeze;
And a lot of fancy dry-goods,
Whose nature I cannot define,
Are wildly and merrily flopping
About on that same old line.

II.

And a very fly young lady
At the parlor-window sews;
And I *rather* conclude, if you tried it,
You'd find she'd fit into 'them hose.'
She's only a half-length picture,
Fore-shortened below the breast;
But the dry-goods which dance on the tight-rope,
Out yonder, just make up the rest.

III.

So dream-like she seems, so gentle,
You'd think her *too good* for earth:
And I feel that a holier spirit
Is banishing vulgar mirth
To its worldly home — by Jingo!
What a flourish that muslin throws,
And how uncommonly taper
Those stockings go off at the toes!

IV.

O eyes! like the sky when 'tis bluest!
 O hair! like the night without star!
 O muslin and hose! I can't help it!
 Ye still draw my thoughts over 'thar.'
 The *lady* alone is substantial,
 The clothes but a fancy ideal,
 Yet some how or other — confound it!
 I've mixed up the sham and the real.

V.

O Love! you're the same old sixpence
 With the poet, the muff, or the brick:
 You go up with a rush like a rocket,
 But come down at last like the stick:
 And let love-thoughts be lofty or lowly,
 Platonic or flash, I opine
 That they all, like yon dry-goods and stockings,
 Belong to the *very same line!*

L'ENVOY.

BE sure that no letter A garden
 Was ever yet wanting in *hoes*;
 And MEISTER KARL thinks that a ballad
 Looks well when it ends with the close!

MEISTER KARL.

A FEW scraps of '*Juvenile Gossipry*,' each one from a different division of this 'great country,' and showing that 'smart children' and 'fond parents' are everywhere. Moreover, some of these little 'sayings' really 'point a moral:'

'SPEAKING of 'little folks:' we have them at our house, FRANK, three years old, and ADA one. They have a very kind and indulgent mother, and persuasion and rewards, in the shape of *bon-bons*, frequently take the place of the more severe discipline that once was considered indispensable. ADA was a little 'out of sorts' one day, and crying lustily: her mother, handing her a cake, said, 'Take this, and stop your crying.' FRANK, who had been playing merrily a moment before, suddenly burst into a terrible fit of grief: 'Mamma, give *me* a cake to stop *my* crying!'

'As little FREDDY and his father were walking' alongside the public square, on one of our recent windy days, a man's hat blew off, and after it started the man, at full speed. 'Look, Pa!' said the admiring FREDDY, 'see that man *driving his hat across the square!*'

'MY little CLARA was watching with much curiosity and interest a flock of fowls, as they were sunning themselves, when her attention was suddenly arrested by the gorgeous red crests of two roosters:

'Mamma, what are those red things on their heads?'

'Their combs, my dear.'

'Why, how funny! — they wear combs! Mamma, are they the *women?*'

'A 'WEB' cousin of mine, while talking with his aunt the other day, said:

'Aunt, I should think that SATAN must be an awful trouble to God.'

'He must be trouble enough,' she answered.

'I do n't see how he came to turn out so, when there was no DEVIL to put him up to it!' was the reply.'

'A LITTLE girl of scarce three summers called in at the house of a newly-married couple, neighbors of mine, and finding the lady a little indisposed, after talking a few minutes on some other matters, very politely and sympathetically asked:

'Do you think you will die, Mrs. H ——?'

'Oh! no! I presume not now.'

'What would you do with your clothes and furniture if you should die?'

'I should let GORHAM (her husband) have them.'

'What would you do with that white bonnet of yours? I think it's a very pretty bonnet.'

'I should let GORHAM keep *that*, too.'

'*Perhaps he might marry again!*' was the little one's last query.

'Was n't that decidedly 'fast'?'

'At a Sunday-school celebration, where, being very much crowded, the little ones, 'undergoing catechism,' were pushing and 'hunching' each other, as 'children will,' the catechizer inquires the definition of peace. One little girl, in a particularly uncomfortable place, seemed anxious to answer: 'Well, my little girl, what is the definition?'

'I think, Sir, it means, not to 'hunch' when you are crowded.'

'A NEIGHBOR of ours has a little boy of about half-a-dozen summers, a very innocent little fellow. He came into the office some time ago, and, in a very modest manner, asked: 'Mr. B ——, will you please to let WES. SUMMERS and I have your yoke of oxen?' (We have a very large span.) 'Who is to drive the oxen, SAMMY?' I said, thinking I might have misunderstood the little fellow. 'Why, WES. SUMMERS and I want to take them out on the hill to *play with!*''

'I HAD a little sister once (she lives in Heaven now) who was the wonder of all who knew her. She played and sang with accuracy several little songs upon the piano when only four years of age. Her imagination was very vivid. She would sit for hours and read long stories out of books or papers that she conceived as she turned the leaves over; for she only knew her letters. One day she took her little pocket Testament, and folding her chubby hands solemnly across it she read: 'And verily I say unto you, JESUS CHRIST put on His bonnet and shawl and went out to walk with His sisters.' This was when she was three years old. A short time before she died, she turned from her play one day, and said to our older sister: 'Sister CARRY, I shall die in three weeks;' and just three weeks from that day she lay a corpse on her little bed!'

What was that but a 'spirit-warning?' - - - WE have seldom seen a pleasanter sight, or witnessed a more interesting occasion, than the *Presentation of a Flag to the Piermont Guards*, by the ladies of the village, which has just occurred on a sloping green lawn a little way from our summer-cottage. The day was most charming; the ladies were out 'in full feather;' and the people of the place generally were in attendance. Colonel ISAAC SLOAT, on behalf of the ladies, presented the banner to the Company, (who never looked or marched better than on this occasion,) in an elaborate speech, replete

with American patriotism: while the flag was received on behalf of the corps by Colonel EDWARD PYE, of Haverstraw, in an excellent speech, which was frequently and deservedly applauded. The banner is thus correctly described and deservedly praised by the '*Rockland County Journal*:'

'It is a beautiful thing, made of rich Mazarine blue silk, heavily fringed. On one side is painted a wreath composed of all kinds of flowers, most faithfully drawn and colored, inclosing a view of WASHINGTON'S Head-Quarters at Tappan town. In the background appears the American Encampment, and in the fore-ground is a fine figure of the General leaning upon his horse, which is held by his black servant. Surmounting the wreath is a shield bearing the stars and stripes, inclosed in a halo. At the base of the wreath, twining among the flowers, is a representation of crimson velvet drapery, falling into an open centre, on which is inscribed, 'PRESENTED BY THE LADIES TO THE PIERMONT GUARD, MAY 31st, 1855.' On the reverse side is a wreath of roses surrounding a golden wreath. At the base is an Eagle relieved by four American flags which fold in a rich cluster under his talons, while streaming from his beak is the national motto, 'E Pluribus Unum.' Striking out into the centre of the wreath is a green mound, on which is represented the arms of the Company, supported on the right by a Shore Guard of '76 in the old Continental costume, and on the left by a Piermont Guard in his blue uniform. In the centre of the device are the initials 'P. G., 17th Regt. N. Y. S. I.' On the left of the mound is a view of the city and bay of New York, with its shipping, steamers, etc., stretching off to the right in an open sea view. Over this wreath also is a shield in a halo. Too much credit cannot be awarded to Capt. WM. F. FOLGER for the manner in which he has executed the work intrusted to him by the ladies. In the designs on either side of the flag, which are original, he has displayed much judgment and taste; and in working them out, elaborated and complicated as they are, he has proved himself a painter of no mean skill. It is almost incredible the amount of work expended upon this flag; and we think we can safely say that the colors of the 'Piermont Guard' will bear comparison with any other in the State.'

Such, reader, is our flag: 'and long may it wave!' - - - THE *Boston Post* has an agreeable 'on dit' that JOHN G. SAXE, Esq., is engaged upon a new poem to be entitled 'THE PRESS:' a fruitful theme, which is to be treated historically, eulogistically, practically, and satirically. The topic is a broad one, and affords scope for all these and something over. '*Macte Virtute!*' which being translated, means, 'Do your prettiest!' The same popular journal has the following tribute to SAXE, from the pen, as we infer, of Mr. A. M. IDE, Jr., a sometime contributor to this Magazine:

'GREAT ex-exponent of our modest craft,
I read the *Post's* announcement of your poem,
And inwardly soliloquised and laughed;
If there's a greater wag I do not know him;
A muse so fruitful could conceive no less;
'Lay on, MACDUFF'—and as you soar and sing,
Up to 'The Times' in 'Progress,' make the 'Press'
A monarch mightier than the 'Money King.'
Time's noblest offspring always is his last;
And yours, like his, in Alpine order rise,
Chaste, pure, and strong, yet sweet and unsurpassed,
Winning you incense from our tearful eyes:
Long live your fame! from Beersheba to Dan—
A poet, 'torney, editor and MAN!

A. M. I.

Apropos of SAXE: let us 'set him up' a little, by quoting a circumstance mentioned to us by a distinguished New-York Democrat, whom we met in the street to-day. 'How comes on *The Knickerbocker Gallery*?' he asked. We told him that a new and extremely beautiful edition had just been issued. 'I saw a copy in Washington, at the PRESIDENT'S, the other day,' continued our friend. 'Some one had been paying him a compliment upon

his 'wearing so well,' with the cares of a nation on his shoulders. 'Ah! gentlemen,' said he, 'let me read you a short piece of poetry that hits my case exactly:' and taking up the '*Knickerbocker Gallery*,' he read SAXE's lines, '*I'm Growing Old*,' and commended them as they deserved to be. Put *that* in your pipe, friend SAXE. - - - We have seen nothing better than the following, in its kind, save the polyglot advertisement of the inn-keeper in the Valley of Chamouni, which we remember to have published some years ago from the manuscript of a friend who copied it upon the spot. Observe the *entirely* foreign idiom of the *affiche*. It is a New-Orleans placard of the thoroughfares:

'Advertisement.

'THE undersigned takes leave to inform the public that he has lately arrived from Paris, and that he is furnished with a few articles of new invention, very useful and economical for families:

'I. A liquid for the conservation of all kinds of furnitures, and all kinds of marble in all colors. With that liquid, on rubbing lightly the most elegant and gilded furnitures, will give them the most glittering lustre that one could not distinguish from new. That liquid procures on all articles a great duration, an agreeable smell, and preserves them from all kinds of insects. The most renowned manufacturers use it for their finest furnitures. Those wishing to be convinced are invited to make a proof gratis.

'II. A composition of varnish, lately invented, for the conservation of hides, harnesses, hides of carriages, and gentlemen's, ladies', and children's shoes: it preserves from all devastations that could make water or humidity.

'The method to make use of it as follows: Said composition must be rubbed with oil: one moistens the hides with the preservative composition, making use of a sponge, and rubbing it slowly, momentarily it will produce a very satisfying effect.

'III. A mixture, with which one can get out all stains, of each sort and color of woollen cloths, as cassimere, merinos, carpets, and billiard-coverings: also grease-stains, or those coming from perspiration on collars of clothes, cloaks, etc.

'The manner to scour each stain is: To wet with a little water a part of this mixture, to take this liquid upon a brush or the finger and rub the stain, after which said stain will disappear, and the stuff will recover its former lustre.

'IV. A blacking, also lately invented and privileged: with that blacking, in rubbing the hides, one gives it a greater duration than with any other until yet known blacking: makes it soft, black, and after a little friction with the brush, gives it a glittered lustre; makes it impenetrable for water, and prevent to try: said blacking is very much approved by the most renowned harness and boot-makers: it can be used for all kinds of hides, also for boots, to which it gives not only a distinctive blackness, glittering lustre, prolonged duration, great softness which makes stepping easy, but it renders them waterproof: by the very low prices of said blacking, the furnisher procures a proof to every body. For guarantee of counterfeit, each pack is covered with papers, and will be printed by the Chinese arms. It is composed of fish-grease, marrow, and decomposition of gum. The proofs will be showed gratis, a few days after reception of this circular. This advertisement will be called for. J. DE P — AND COMPANY.'

The above is *inimitably* genuine. - - - 'In this 'one-horse town,' writes a Mobile friend, 'as our New-Orleans neighbors designate it, there resides one whom we will call TOM for brevity. He is a shrewd, plain-dealing tailor as one could wish to 'trade with,' and as our rivers have been low this season, and but little cotton in the market, TOM ventured in company with a friend in purchasing a lottery-ticket in the Southern Military Academy Lottery, each sharing the cost and winnings, of course. The ticket was obtained, and TOM's name put in the agent's book for that purpose. Time wore on, and in course of a few days the lottery was drawn; and every one was on tiptoe to know who was the lucky man. The agent received the list

of prizes from Montgomery, and sure as shooting, TOM TIGHTFIT's name was coupled with the fifteen thousand dollar prize! Eureka! The agent sent his boy down to Tom's store to inform him of his good luck, and desiring him to bring up his ticket and get his check for the dimes. But alas! Tom's friend had the ticket in his pocket, and had started a few hours previous on a hunting trip, and Tom, not knowing the number on the ticket, took it for granted as 'all O. K.' He sauntered into his neighbor's store and very confidently whispered his good luck and requesting in a very neighborly manner to go along and *liquidate*. At the bar of course it was talked over, when one or two others were admitted into the secret. One treated, then another, and so on until Tom was toasted, tumbled, and toddied until his tongue ran fifteen to the dozen. A messenger was dispatched to the woods to hunt up SMITH, the ticket-holder. One, two, three hours passed, and no SMITH, and Tom's luck was the talk of the town. When — ah-hem! An engineer of one of our river-boats walked into the ticket-office and pulled out of his pocket the lucky ticket, *his* name being TOMMY TIGHTFIT as well as the other! Let us draw a veil over TOMMY's feelings during the next week of his life. He looks even now as if he had been guilty of stealing sheep! - - - We recognize in the '*New Siege of Sebastopol, in two Parts*,' by the 'TAUNTON DEAN,' the hand of an old correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER:

PART I.

'THERE is a fortress fair and strong,
In Russia's waste and wintry regions,
Where France and England vain and long
Have poured their brave and fated legions.

'Long the besiegers' loud-mouthed guns
Have roared their summons to surrender;
As loud have Russia's serfs and sons
Roared back their purpose to defend her.

'The combat deepens: On ye brave,
Who strike for French and English honor!
The CZAR will fight till every slave
Becomes, like WILLIAM POOLE — a 'goner.'

'The CZAR, within his palace halls,
Still feels his solid throne unshaken;
His flag still floats above its walls,
And his 'Sebastopol's not taken.'

PART II.

'THERE is a fortress fair as art,
And cold as Russia's clime of winter,
Walled round within a maiden's heart,
My love has sought in vain to enter.

'Long I've besieged her castles fair,
With all Love's forces, sweet and tender;
But still she reigns unconquered there,
And still refuses to surrender.

'Oh! for some friendly power in arms,
Some Austria of contending nations,
To soften her resisting charms,
And bring her to negotiations!

'For, by consent of heathen JOYZ,
The siege shall never be forsaken,
Till conquest crowns the arms of LOVE,
And *my* Sebastopol is taken.'

A pretty conceit, well handled. - - - THERE are several things, the possession of which we envy the editors of our Metropolitan daily journals, and foremost among them is the ability, after having enjoyed to the extreme the perusal of a new work, of rare merit, the *immediate* opportunity of *saying* so, giving the 'why and wherefore' at once, and justifying the correctness of their decisions by copious extracts, while to less frequent and less favored contemporaries it is reserved only to announce, for future consideration, books, addresses, etc., which arrive at too late a period for adequate notice, until the issue of a subsequent number. The following works shall receive the attention which, 'for reasons stated,' they have a right to claim: 'The WINKLES, or the Merry Monomaniacs;,' 'PEG WOF-

FINGTON; 'ALDRICH'S POEMS; 'CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE; 'Country Margins and Rambles of a Journalist; 'SOUESTRE'S LEAVES from a Family Journal; 'Female Life among the Mormons; 'Poems, by F. W. FISH; 'Familiar Quotations; 'JULIA, a Poem; and 'The Englishwoman in Russia.' Among pamphlets, journals, etc., concerning which we shall presently 'have our say,' are many — and some which are 'some,' and not among the 'many' — of which our readers will hear more in our next number. Of these are the 'New-York Weekly Critic,' by MESSRS. CLEVELAND AND McELRATH; SPARKS' 'Analysis of the French Verbs; 'Report of the New-York State Library; 'LEWIS G. MORRIS'S 'Sixth Catalogue of Domestic Animals; 'Mount-Vernon Boarding-School; 'State Cabinet of Natural History; 'Professor BARNARD'S Address before the Alabama University, etc., etc. The favors of numerous correspondents await replication. - - - A FRIEND commends in the highest terms, and we believe with entire justice, the '*Grammercy Park House*,' as one among the best kept, most comfortable, and most charmingly situated hotels in the metropolis. Mr. CHARLES WRIGHT, of WRIGHT, LANIER AND COMPANY, of the LAFARGE Hotel, is the experienced and popular proprietor. There can be no doubt of the success of his house. - - - 'THE best thing I have heard,' writes 'J. H. L.' 'in exemplification of the saying, 'PROVIDENCE smiled on me,' I heard a Dutchman give. (I'll give it to you in English; you, being a KNICKERBOCKER, must put the polish on.) 'Have you got through harvest, HANS?' 'Yes; me and my boys worked like the devil all the time, very hard: had so much to do, did not know as we would get through before winter: but we did. 'PROVIDENCE smiled on me,' and we have just finished.' 'How did PROVIDENCE smile on you?' 'Why, you see He just blasted about forty or fifty acres of my wheat, so that it was not worth reaping, and so, you see, we have just finished!' - - - The following is from a rare old work, '*The Universal Asylum and Columbian Magazine*' for March, 1791:

'WHEN Mrs. F — (of Pennsylvania) was in England, she attended York races, where she met the celebrated LAWRENCE STERNE. He rode up to the side of the coach, and accosted her:

'Well, Madam, which horse do you bet upon?'

'Sir,' said she, 'if you can tell me which is the worst horse I will bet upon that.'

'But why, Madam,' said STERNE, 'do you make so strange a choice?'

'Because,' replied the lady, 'you know *'The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong!'*'

'STERNE was so much pleased with the reply that he went home and wrote from that text, his much-admired sermon, entitled 'Time and Chance.'

This anecdote is unquestionably authentic. - - - We have heretofore spoken of the '*Anti-Choking Arch-Valve Pump*,' as a great and important invention, by a distinguished and popular dentist of this city, Mr. NEHEMIAH DODGE, of Number Forty-two University Place. The pumps of this patent, we are not surprised to learn, are destined to supersede all others. The Board of

Underwriters unanimously and strongly recommend them, over those in common use, for general adoption, with a special approbation, recommending them to ship-owners and sea-captains. California ship-captains pronounce them, after long voyages, the 'best pumps ever used,' and attest that they never choke. Mr. RUSSELL STURGIS, at Number Sixty-eight South-street, receives orders for this valuable invention. - - - We wish the reader could see the pen-and-ink drawing which accompanied the following: a forlorn-looking individual, in a unique chair, sitting under trees like inverted brush-brooms, gazing into the empty fountain in the Park; his whole expression that of a poor devil far gone in misanthropy:

'The Park Fountain.

A G U S H O F R H Y M E .

I.

'WEARY and worn, a foot-sore stranger came
To rest beneath the shade of 'brageous trees;
To meditate, amid the crowd that swarmed
Adown Broadway like to a hive of bees.

II.

'He had a guide-book in his hand, which told
Of a fair PARK, with fountain, and with trees:
To this he bent his way, intent on rest,
On shade, and cooling waters, and a breeze.

III.

'He reached the Park. O sorrow and deep woe!
The scrubby trees, all covered o'er with dust,
Looked like decrepid, used-up, *blazé* brooms;
The fountain dry! 'T was thus the stranger bu'st:

IV.

'Fountain, how long is 't since you first dried up?
Or is it 'cause you 're old, you dares n't play,
Thinking it childish? Wake up, old fellow!
It's only me who sees you—squirt away!

V.

'Fountain! I see your tubes that ought to squirt
The pure and limpid element on high:
I see your marble basin. Are you sick
Of life, and are you going for to die?

VI.

'Fountain! Have Maine-iacs, with their liquor law,
Stopped off your drinking; nipped you in the bud;
Sucked up your life-blood in a dreadful thirst,
Leaving you standing like an empty tub?'

VII.

'Bim-boom!' The band at BARNUM's here struck up,
Scaring the stranger with its fearful bray:
Thinking it thunder under ground, he said:
'The fountain's 'wet up,' now it's gwine to play!'

H. F. L.

'OBSERVING,' writes a town friend, 'the great legal acumen in late numbers of the KNICKERBOCKER. I am induced to present the following knotty case for your elucidation':

\$85

Oakhill Mar the 10 1855.

Ninty dayes after date we, or either of us promise to pay HENRY F. JUDY or order at the Chester Co Bank Eighty five Dollars for One Gray Mule that is now lame in the right hind foot the Said JUDY Guarantees the foot to Get well if not no Charge but JUDY is to have the mule.

J. S. B.

J. K.

'POINTS: *First*: If the above note be not paid, can the notary protest without examination of the mule's right hind-foot, to see if it be well, and if not well, can he protest at all? *Second*: Who is to have the mule, JUDY or the makers of the note, provided the foot is well? This is a bona-fide note, due in June, 1855. Ah! now comes the weather that makes us think of the calm waters and cool sequestered shades of beautiful LAKE GEORGE! And by-and-by, life and health permitting, we must go up and pay our old friends, SHERRILL and DAN. GALE a visit. Every reader of the KNICKERBOCKER knows what a pleasant house and sumptuous table SHERRILL keeps, but few of them are aware that GALE has opened a magnificent and immense hotel at the south end of the Lake, finished and furnished in the most regal style. That it will be well kept, no one who knows GALE will for a moment doubt. Success to both the Lake-Houses! There will be support enough for each.

ART, LITERARY, AND TOWN ITEMS. — COSMOPOLITAN ART AND LITERARY ASSOCIATION at Sandusky, Ohio, are making extensive purchases for their next distribution. They are making arrangements for noble statuary and paintings from all our best artists: indeed, their collection this year will be much better and much larger than the last. This Association we deem worthy of every encouragement, its object being to circulate *Works of Art and Good Literature* throughout the land. They ought to have one hundred thousand subscribers this year. The books are now open at the KNICKERBOCKER publication office, and at Sandusky, Ohio.

ONE of the agreeable things that we miss on the few days that we do not 'stop down to town,' is the pleasure of seating ourselves in the chair of our old favorite *tonseur*, Mr. AUGUSTUS BLESSING, at Number Twelve Ann-street, and, reclining luxuriously back, feel the easy subsidence of a 'short crop' of beard, so deftly performed that you might sleep under the operation. And a like pleasure it is to have the accomplished operator's hands in your hair, whether to '*shampooille*,' manipulate with sharp scissors, or 'roll with curls voluminous.' How much such offices, slight in themselves, add to the comfort of the outer, and hence to the 'inner man!'

WE perceive that some body has been making a complaint on the 'Mayor's Book' against ARCHIE GRIEVE for keeping a 'Roaring Lion' in a cellar at his store in Chambers-street, near the Hudson River Rail-road dépôt, where he sells all kinds of fowls, foreign and domestic big dogs and little dogs, 'of high and low degree,' and every thing in the line of an experienced bird fancier and rare quadruped-purveyor. We somewhat suspect that this report is an advertisement: at any rate, ARCHIE has all he can do, and what he does he does from knowledge and experience: and, although no duellist, he is always ready and anxious 'to give satisfaction.'

MR. DERBY, the enterprising and very popular metropolitan publisher, has in press a volume entitled, '*My Confessions*,' of which we hear, from the best critical sources, the highest encomiums. It will appear, as we understand, in the course of the ensuing month.